Modern Screen

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Don't wait for the warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

• • •

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like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



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MODERN SCREEN

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Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!



JEANETTE MacDONALD · ALLAN JONES in THE FIREFLY

Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!



GRETA GARBO · CHARLES BOYER in MARIE WALEWSKA

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!



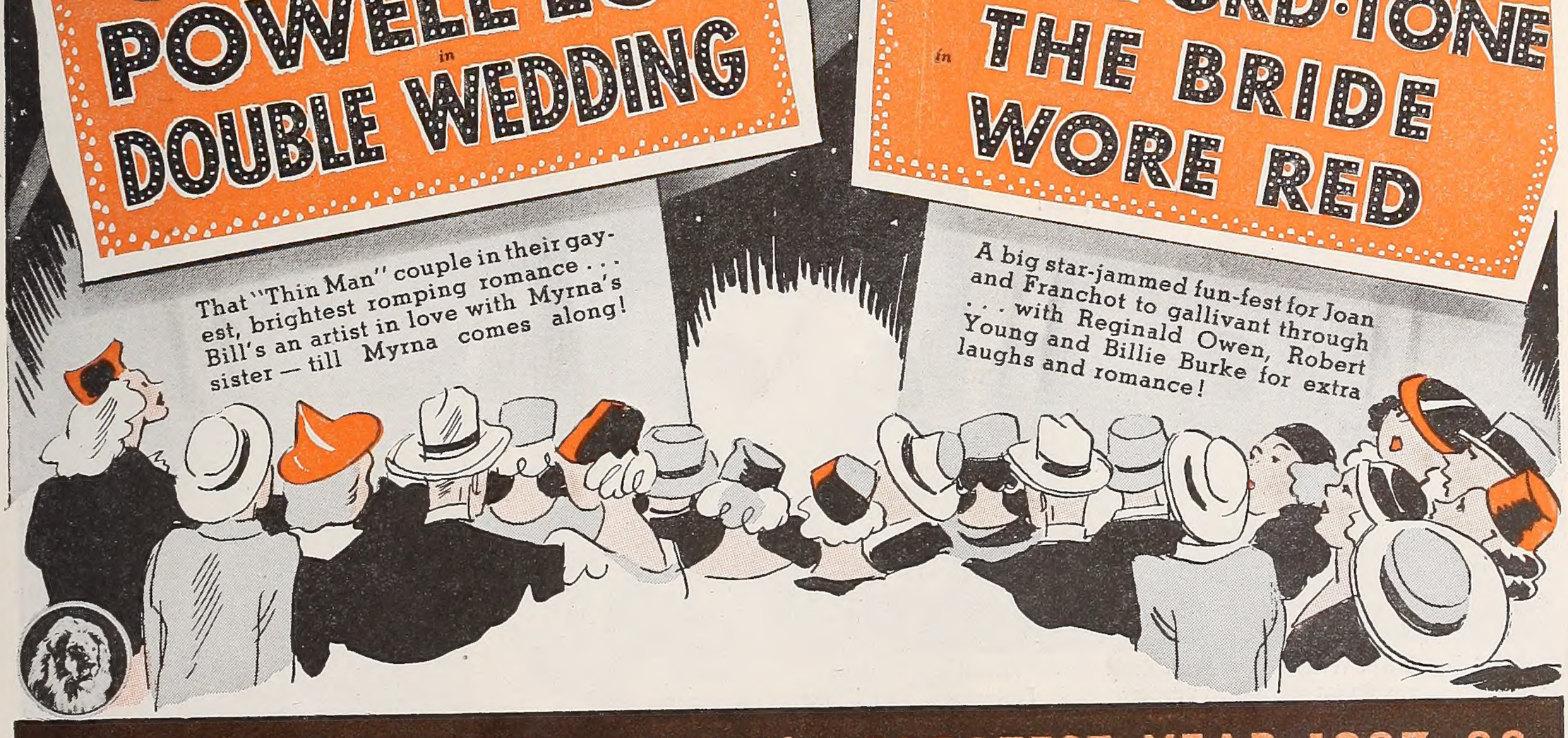
WILLIAM POWELL · MYRNA LOY in DOUBLE WEDDING

That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance . . . Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister — till Myrna comes along!



JOAN CRAWFORD · FRANCHOT TONE in THE BRIDE WORE RED

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through . . . with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38



Judy Canova and the Yacht Club Boys

Adolph Zukor presents

"ARTISTS and MODELS"

A Paramount Picture with

Ida Lupino • Richard Arlen • Gail Patrick

JUDY CANOVA • BEN BLUE • YACHT CLUB BOYS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Sandra Storme

ARTISTS OF LAUGHTER . . .

To draw a laugh every time your face appears on the screen is some artistic achievement... and those zanies, the Yacht Club Boys (shown above giving a little support to radio's funniest female, Judy Canova)... are some artists. Wait'll you hear 'em go to town on that "Sasha Pasha" number, just one of the million mad moments in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

ARTISTS OF FAME . . .

Name the six leading American artists and illustrators and you'll name the lads who chose the All-American Beauty Chorus for "Artists and Models": Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, Rube Goldberg, John La Gatta, and Russell Patterson. Here you see them doing a little plain and fancy homage to their choice of the Most Beautiful Model in the World, Sandra Storme, just one of the million glorified gals in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

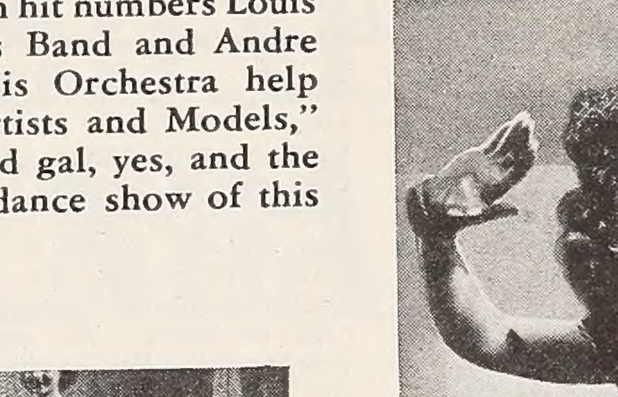
Peter Arno | Arthur William Brown | McClelland Barclay | Russell Patterson | John La Gatta | Rube Goldberg



Jack Benny



Judy Canova and Ben Blue



ARTISTS OF MELODY

Hollywood's leading hit writers come through with 6 smash songs!

ARTIST OF WISE CRACKS . . . BENNY'S THE NAME!

Radio's Number One Entertainer, the biggest laughmaker the screen has ever seen . . . the one and only Jack Benny at his super-funniest heads the all-star cast of "Artists and Models." Above you see him in an artistic moment, below, at the head of the parade in one of the huge production numbers. At the top right you see Ben Blue teaching Judy Canova how to swing that thing. At the lower right is Martha Raye going to town in blackface, giving you a glimpse of "Public Melody Number One" . . . just one of the half dozen hit numbers Louis Armstrong and his Band and Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra help you to enjoy in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal, yes, and the biggest song and dance show of this or any year.





MARTHA RAYE

attacks "Public Melody No. 1"



HELP PRODUCERS FEEL THE PUBLIC PULSE. SEND YOUR REQUESTS NOW!

WHAT DOES THE BAROMETER ACCOMPLISH?

1. Gives producers a sure line on what America thinks of their players.

2. Thus, your requests for life stories (Barometer standing is based on these alone) are an all-important factor in determining America's stars.

HOW COME?

1. The Barometer is the only existing poll telling what stars are most popular not just today, but FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

2. This makes the Barometer the most scientific of all polls and therefore the one producers respect.

3. The proof of the pudding is that every month brings anxious inquiries from the studios concerning their stars' Barometer standing.

WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?

1. Put your favorite on top and keep him there by sending in your requests now on a penny postcard.

NELSON EDDY (Last printed May 1937. Total number of requests since then 641.) Hollywood turns out glamor with the same facility and precision that Ford turns out cars. Make-up men, publicity men, cameramen put their heads together, and from common clay emerges alabaster. And so Hollywood laughs at Nature—until a Nelson Eddy comes along. Then Nature has her innings. For Nelson Eddy typifies the sort of glamor that Hollywood cannot fabricate—a glamor springing from a deep wellspring of spiritual beauty and goodness.



Set adrift by the divorce of his parents when he was fourteen, helped only by a mother as new to the bitter reality of making a living as he, Nelson had need of every bit of the charm and ability he possesses. The very same ingratiating intentness that has made Eddy a leader in the musical world helped him at the age of sixteen to become a reporter on an important Philadelphia daily, the youngest reporter the paper had ever had. And not so long after that, he took a highly paid job writing advertising copy.

But music will out. Singing first to phonograph records, then to his mother, then to the noted baritone, David Bispham, his great voice was discovered. Within a very short time Eddy was signed by the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. A trip to Germany with money borrowed from a Philadelphia banker, who accepted Nelson's voice as collateral for his generous loan, put the finishing touches to his musical education. It gave him, moreover, that intimate touch with foreign languages that makes Eddy such an international favorite. He sings in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Yiddish.

On his return, he was snapped up by Arthur Judson, America's most gifted concert manager. An engagement with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, which Mr. Judson got him, led in 1933 to a motion picture contract and a featured singing role in "Dancing Lady."

The serenity of Nelson Eddy's life in the midst of the hectic whirl that is Hollywood has long remained a mystery. Is Eddy a woman hater? Are his breathtaking love scenes mere play acting? Nelson laughs at these questions. He *has* been in love—deeply in love. With a woman much older than himself, a lovely woman who personified Nelson's ideals. And since there aren't many others like her, Nelson prefers to remain a bachelor, take tender care of his mother, and bring joy to his fans all over the world. Tentatively scheduled for his next picture is "The Girl of the Golden West," with, of course, Jeanette MacDonald.

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or just write. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. We answer general questions, too, either here or by mail. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, free of charge, a brief life story of

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in your department

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

If you would like our chart with heights, ages, birthplaces, marriages and autographs of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

MODERN SCREEN'S ROLL OF HONOR: Starting with this issue, the Information Desk will print the names of those sincere fans, who, by sending in large numbers of requests for their favorites, have done so much towards solidifying these favorites' positions in the Barometer. In recognition of the genuine devotion which these ardent fans have shown, each of the stars who has been honored by their requests, is sending out via this Desk a gorgeous 12 x 14 portrait of himself to the five groups of fans who sent in the most requests. And here are the deserving five:

Ameche fans of Oakland, California.....163 requests
Durbin fans of Batavia, New York.....89 requests
Autry fans of Sacramento, California..... 14 requests
Eddy fans of Beaumont, Texas.....14 requests
Eddy fans of Dayton, Ohio..... 11 requests

And to you five groups, let me add that your pictures are waiting to be sent out; will you help me by deciding among yourselves, in each case, where you want the picture sent? Let me hear from you as soon as possible.

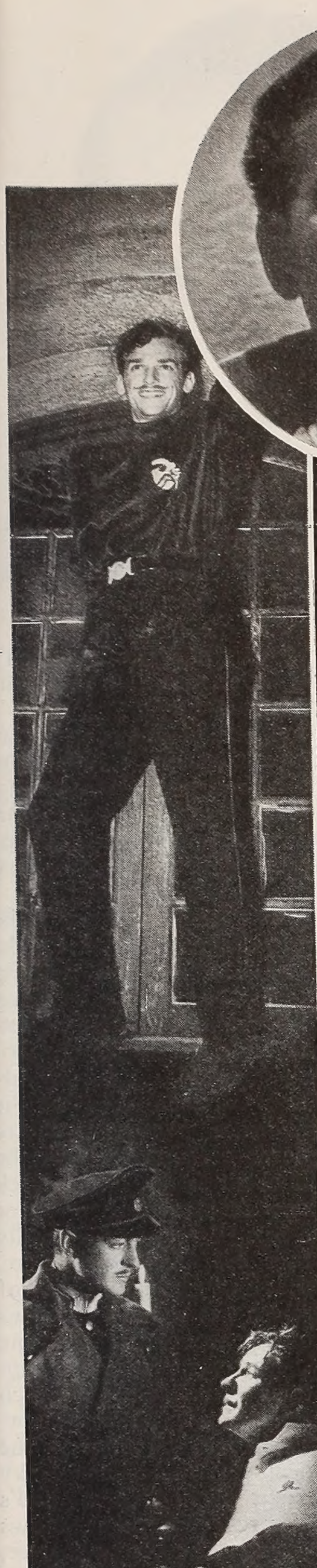
CLARK GABLE (Last printed October 1936. Total number of requests since then, 436.) Take a young man whose ambition it is to become a doctor; shunt him through the toils of factory labor, lumber-camps, vagrancy; let him come face to face with death by violence; let him savor the love of many women, some good, some tawdry; and you develop a personality of countless facets. If the personality is strong, it becomes hardened; if weak, it disintegrates.



The virility, the momentum of Clark Gable's personality can be traced directly to the unstable equilibrium of his past. At the age of seven months, Clark was a motherless child. Until he turned six, he believed his stepmother to be his real mother. When his schoolmates enlightened him, it was a profound shock. It destroyed in the young boy the sense of belonging anywhere, steeled him for the vagrant life that was ahead of him.

He was only eighteen when he came face to face with sudden death in its goriest trappings. Working in an auto rim factory to eke out tuition for his evening premedical courses, he was standing only a few feet away, when a piece of machinery ran amok, decapitating the man at his side. For months Gable was the victim of hallucinations. He would see the whole gruesome sequence reënacted before his eyes, torturing him. The experience left him with a deep spiritual wound, over which grew, gradually, a callus of indifference.

(*Continued on page* 103)









SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
presents

The Greatest Romantic Adventure Story of All Time

Made by David O. Selznick, who gave you
DAVID COPPERFIELD and A STAR IS BORN

RONALD COLMAN

IN

The PRISONER *of* ZENDA

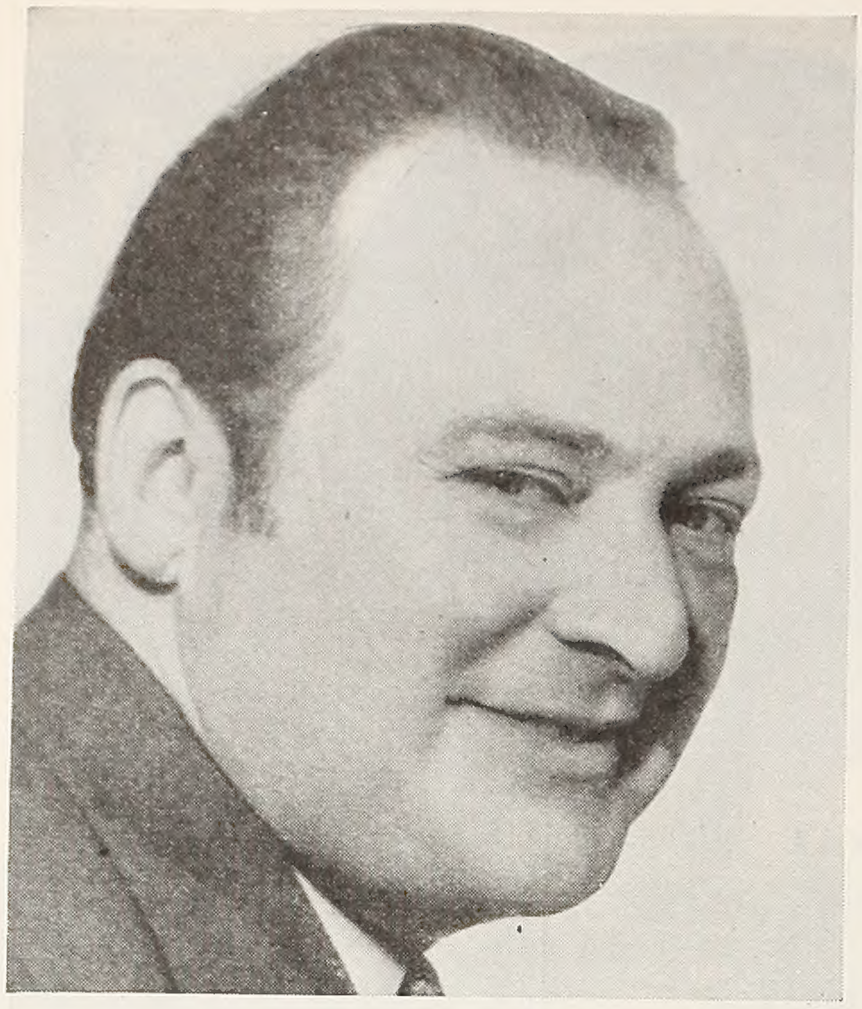
Based on Edward Rose's dramatization of
Anthony Hope's novel

MADELEINE **CARROLL** WITH DOUGLAS **FAIRBANKS, Jr.**

MARY ASTOR • **RAYMOND MASSEY**
C. AUBREY SMITH • **DAVID NIVEN**

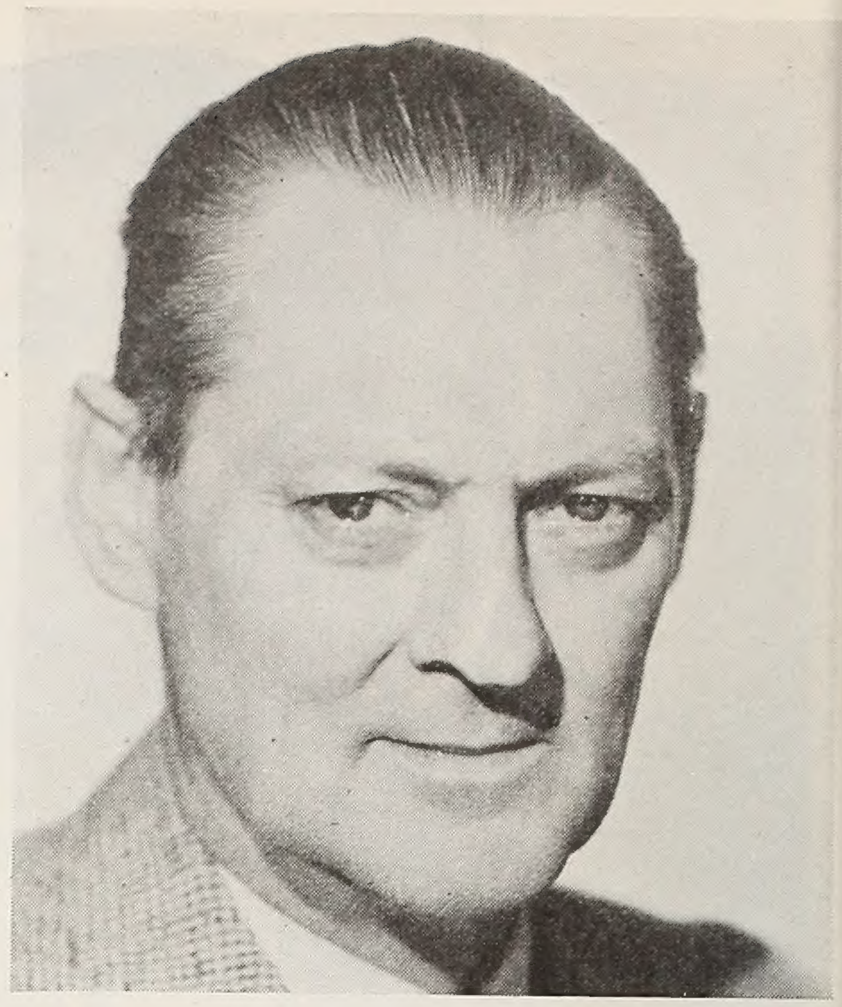
Produced by **DAVID O. SELZNICK** • *Directed by* **JOHN CROMWELL**

RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS



Only when pushed, does Edward Arnold (left) go in for the gentle art of scene-stealing. But, this gent can be pushed!

Lionel Barrymore's stage training stands him in good stead. And so, if a cinema smartie tries to up-stage him, it's too bad!



TRICKS OF THE TRADE

By Mack Hughes

A SMART actor realizes that a role doesn't have to be big to be important. Further, if he has had experience, he knows how to "point up" his lines or "business" so that the audience will focus its attention on him rather than anyone else in the scene, even though that "anyone else" happens to be the big, bright star that the cash customer has come to see.

You see, all is fair in love and war and picture-stealing. It seems that if a player parks his ethics with his make-up box, there'll be none to reason why. In fact, there'll be none to take the time, for each and every other member of the cast is out to do a little cinema-swiping of his own.

The star may have a big dramatic moment, but, if during it, the character man sneezes, your attention is naturally attracted, if even momentarily, to the gentleman who pretends to be suffering from the sniffles.

Therefore, when Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, Eddie Robinson and others I could name are in a cast, it behooves everybody else in the lineup of players to be on his guard; that is, if he wishes to be remembered when the picture is over.

I'm sure that Lionel Barrymore, Edward G. Robinson, Edward Arnold and Victor Moore will not be forgotten. For, in their business it's *war!* Once actors arrive at the top they have to fight to remain there, so that's where years of training help them do their stuff.

Lionel Barrymore is one of the finest actors on the screen. As a purveyor of histrionics, he is second to none. Trained in the theatre, there isn't much that Barrymore hasn't seen in his day. And so, there isn't a ghost of a chance for anyone to put over any fancy business on him, for he can turn the tables so quickly that the person looks foolish. However, today, Lionel Barrymore doesn't have to employ all those subtle little tricks that one generally expects of the featured character actor.

As a matter of fact, there are certain things that Mr. Barrymore does with such finesse, that they have become a part of him. These mannerisms have made him famous. By this we don't mean that Barrymore is typed with set affectations. Yet, in all his pictures we recognize immediately the things that spell *Lionel* and that have endeared him to us. And so we watch for them.

For example, there is the nervousness of his hands. He is constantly rubbing them together, or grasping his coat lapels, seldom letting his fingers remain motionless. This naturally attracts the attention of the audience because we are never certain just what he is about to do. If this trick doesn't throw the star for a loss, Barrymore skillfully uses his distinctive voice, the low resonant pitch of which has a subtle nervous quality fraught with tension.

For example, take "Captains Courageous," which stars Freddie Bartholomew. There isn't an actor in the business who is not shaky about playing in a child's pictures. Everyone knows that in them, the adult usually stooges for the youngster, as children run away with the sympathy.

However, there was a scene in which Freddie was obstinate and refused to work, once on board the schooner. Mr. Barrymore tried to reason with the boy and, at his wit's end, pushed him on a pile of fish. The trick of doing this, and not incurring the wrath of his audience, was one of Barrymore's masterpieces. Having slapped Freddie, he walked away rubbing his hands together and muttering, so that the fans felt him saying, "Now look what you've made me do, and I'm sorry that (*Continued on page* 102)

Some actors "know all the angles"—and cleverly work 'em, too



20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW

...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On The Avenue" ... faster 'n' funnier than "Sing, Baby, Sing" ... bigger 'n' better than "Wake Up and Live"!





'YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING'

with

ALICE FAYE
Honey lovely ... lilting to new hi-de-heights!

RITZ BROTHERS
Triple threats to gloom ... *give 'em room ... give 'em room!*

Don AMECHE
Your new heart-throb...now star of radio's biggest show!

CHARLES WINNINGER
Surrounded and dumbfounded by Hollywood's smartest girls!

LOUISE HOVICK
Bringing a new personality to the screen!

RUBINOFF
and his Violin...that talking, laughing, tuneful fiddle!

Tony MARTIN
Romantic rave of the airwaves!

ARTHUR TREACHER
One l-o-n-g laugh!

Phyllis BROOKS
Sweetest of tomorrow's stars!

TIP, TAP & TOE
Rhythmic as rain on the roof!

LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
The trumpet king at his hottest!

Tyler BROOKE
Rootin', tootin' trouping!





Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab



TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL

'Afraid To Dream'
'Danger, Love At Work'
'The Loveliness Of You'
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'
'You Can't Have Everything'



20th CENTURY FOX

THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

REVIEWS • A TOUR



★★★ The Road Back

As a sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Road Back" never approaches the depth and power of its predecessor. It is in the not unusual position of being a good picture which should have been a great one. Patrons just coming to see a picture will find it certainly better than average entertainment, but those expecting an epic will be disappointed.

Picking up the story where "All Quiet" left off—in the trenches on the last few days before the Armistice—it takes the surviving young men back to their homes and endeavors to show their futile struggle to adjust themselves. In view of the postwar situation in Germany, their predicament seems mild in comparison. What could have been a fine, brave picture becomes less than that because its producers decided to compromise. You will remember "The Road Back" for some of its individual scenes—particularly a court room sequence and a beautiful scene where the survivors of the company, surrounded by the ghosts of their comrades, are given their final order to "fall out."

In the leading role, the handsome John King gives every evidence of inexperience. Maurice Murphy, Noah Beery, Jr., and Gene Garrick are very good in smaller roles, as is Barbara Read as Murphy's unfaithful fiancee. However, the fattest roles, as well as the acting honors, go to Andy Devine and Slim Summerville. Directed by James Whale.—*Universal.*



★★ Slave Ship

It is extremely unfortunate that "Slave Ship" should follow so closely on the heels of "Captains Courageous." The ill fortune belongs to the former, for it will suffer considerably by comparison to the Kipling epic. A melodrama of the days when buccaneering sea dogs ran slaves from Africa to America, it features long-suffering Warner Baxter and drooling Wallace Beery and allows each of them to overindulge in his specialty.

As captain of a ship engaged in the selling of slaves, Baxter suddenly reforms the minute he has known the smile of a good woman (Elizabeth Allan). When he brings his bride aboard, first mate Beery, cabin boy Mickey Rooney and the crew promptly shove him in the brig and go about their usual business. Baxter, of course, escapes, but not until all hell has broken loose and most of the crew is annihilated.

Assets of the picture are its excellent sea photography and good stock performances. Warner Baxter does his best suffering since "Prisoner of Shark Island," and Wallace Beery furnishes his expected quota of sobbing. Mickey Rooney is good as the tough cabin boy and Elizabeth Allan is beautiful, though somewhat wooden, as the heroine. Directed by Tay Garnett.—*20th Century-Fox.*



★★ They Won't Forget

The Warner Brothers can chalk up another hit to add to their parade of powerful social dramas, but the whole thing will undoubtedly be listed as an error in the columns which record a picture's box-office success. "They Won't Forget" is Ward Greene's "Death in the Deep South," and in putting it on film the producers have placed themselves in the unique position of sponsoring a picture which an entire section of the country will hate vigorously.

It is the story of a murder in a southern town, committed on Confederacy Memorial Day. Chief suspect is a young business school instructor from the north, and the picture shows the state's attorney deliberately stirring up sectional hatred, so that he can convict the young man and win the governorship of his state. It is powerful drama, but audiences will come away from it wondering why its producers went out of their way to kick up the ashes of a bitter feeling now almost forgotten with the years.

There are excellent performances by the entire cast, notably those of Claude Rains, as the ambitious attorney, Allan Joslyn, as a hard-boiled reporter, Edward Norris, as the condemned man, and Gloria Dickson, as his wife. Miss Dickson's work promises a fine screen career. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.—*Warner Bros.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 68

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ A Day at the Races

Probably the best way to review a new Marx Brothers picture is merely to announce that "those men are here again." For the daffy trio is indeed back, with a few new sets of antics to bolster up their familiar tricks. And it is a pleasure to convey the information that they're still attacking their work with the same sense of frenzied gusto which has marked all their efforts. Allan Jones is still filling in for the never-to-be-remembered Zeppo, and Margaret Dumont, who must be used to indignities by now, is still the patrician lady in love with Groucho. Of the newcomers, there is Maureen O'Sullivan as the heroine and Esther Muir as The Blonde.

Plot, if you want to call it that, has to do with a sanitarium, owned by Miss O'Sullivan, which is more run-down than its patients. Its wealthiest patron, Miss Dumont, is persuaded to stay when Miss O'Sullivan secures the services of an eminent horse doctor, portrayed by Groucho. Somehow the whole thing ends up at the race-track, and in the process there are some of the funniest individual scenes the Marxes have yet presented. Highlights are Groucho's dance with Miss Muir,, and a beautiful number called "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm," with Harpo as a sort of Pied Piper to a collection of dusky personages who think he's Gabriel. Directed by Sam Wood—*M-G-M*.



★★★ Married Before Breakfast

Here is one of those surprise hits—an inexpensively-made picture which turns out to be swell and surprises everyone, especially its producers. By now everyone within ten miles of M-G-M has probably taken credit for it, but actually the honors go to Director Edwin L. Marin and Writers George Oppenheimer and Everett Freeman for turning out a farce with more genuine comedy than many of the season's more elaborate productions can boast.

The whole thing concerns a young man who suddenly comes into a quarter of a million dollars for inventing a shaving cream which dispenses with brush and razor and perhaps the face as well. Celebrating his good fortune, he deserts his fiancee to help a pretty young Miss sell an insurance policy. The selling job is an all-night adventure and offers a melange of swell comedy bits which send the picture along at a mad and furious pace.

Robert Young is perfectly cast as the young man, and Florence Rice does well as the little lady. Outstanding in the supporting cast are Burnett Parker, as a comedy butler, June Clayworth, as Young's fiancee and Warren Hymer, as a gangster. Others deserving mention are Irene Franklin, Tom Kennedy and Hugh Marlowe. Directed by Edwin L. Marin.—*M-G-M*.



★★ Riding on Air

Joe E. Brown's latest picture is one of those laugh riots the like of which his fans haven't seen for some time. Joe E. is again the country hick who goes through all manner of harrowing experiences before he finally wins the girl and picks up all the marbles in the last minute of play.

As a small-town, one-man reporter, editor and newsboy, he has his hands full without taking on the additional responsibilities of inventing various contraptions, going in for all the prize contests in the country and rounding up smugglers on the side. He finally wins a big radio contest, and Guy Kibbee, a big-city promoter, arrives in town to help Joe E. dispose of the ten thousand dollars. Old Smoothie Guy makes our hero the president of a phoney company in which all the townspeople buy stock, including the papa of Florence Rice, who happens to be Joe's girl. Just when it looks like Joe will be run out of town by the fleeced citizenry, he effects the capture of some dangerous criminals.

You never saw Joe E. funnier than as the surprised aviator who shoots down the bad hombres. Another fine moment is his bath-tub scene. DeMille could learn a few things here about the art of bathing the body beautiful. In the supporting cast, good performances are given by Guy Kibbee, Florence Rice and Vinton Haworth. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.—*RKO-Radio*.

More Reviews on Page 98

By Leo Townsend

If you're out for entertainment, you'll find it on this movie menu

A CLEAN FACE *is the Secret of Radiant Beauty*



Daggett & Ramsdell's Golden Cleansing Cream is the secret of a clean face

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing.* It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—$1.00.

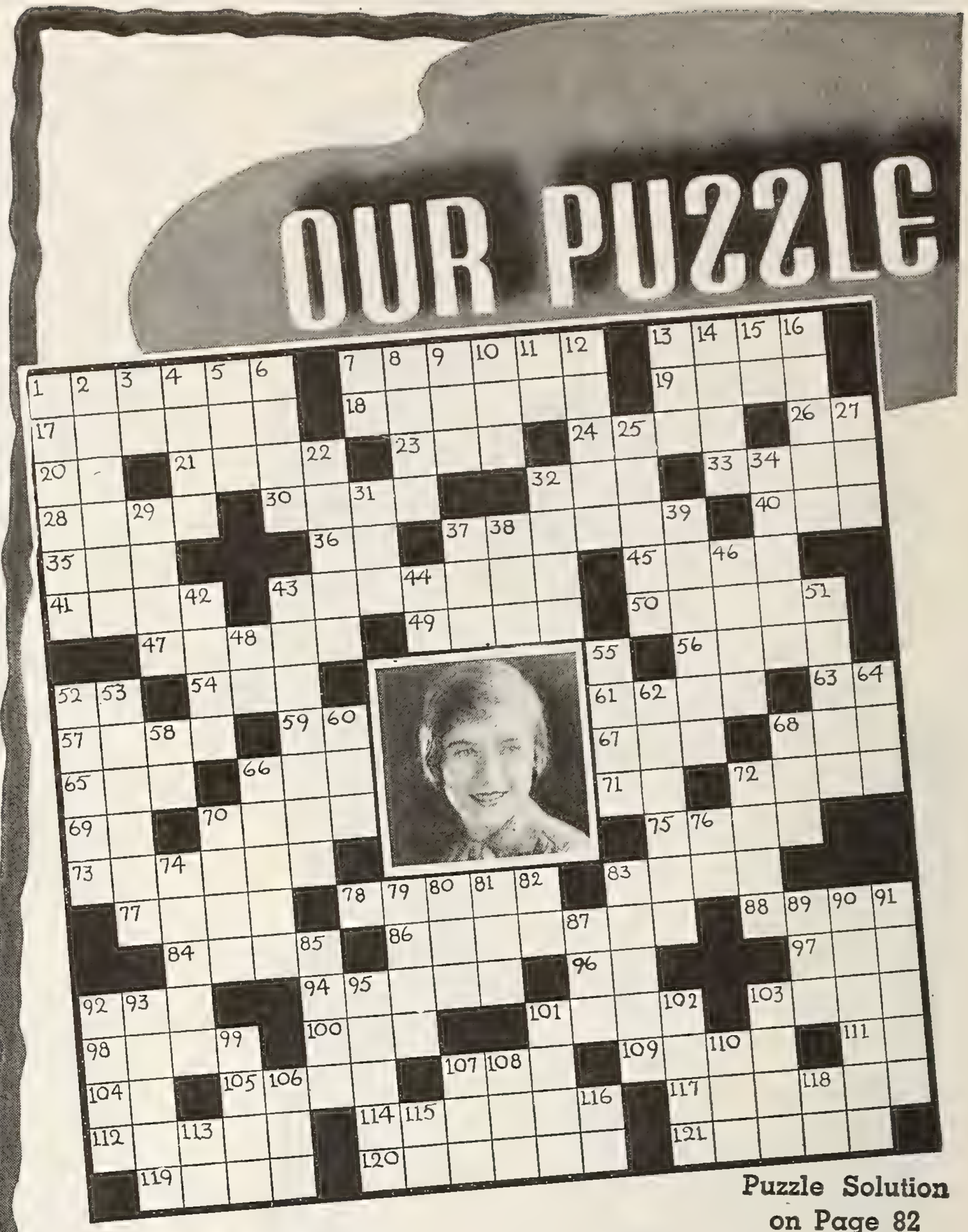
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell MM-9B
Room 1980, 2 Park Ave., New York City
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name
Address
City State

Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 82

ACROSS

1. & 7. The girl in the puzzle
13. He played one of the principal roles in "Fury"
17. Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
18. Rouse from sleep
19. Laughton's role in "The Sign of the Cross"
20. Paid newspaper notice
21. Robert Flaherty made "Man of - - -"
23. Organ of sight
24. Volcano in Sicily
26. George Brent played the "- - Getter"
28. Scene
30. Midday
32. Feminine possessive
33. Burden
35. Finis
36. Note of the scale
37. Comedian in "Way Out West"
40. Also
41. Canvas dwelling
43. Blonde actress well-known for her gold-digger roles
45. Cozy corner
47. Hero of "Silent Barriers"
49. First name of author, tune-smith, producer and actor; wrote "Cavalcade"
50. French colony in North Africa
52. Initials of actress whose last important picture was "Times Square Lady"
54. Snake-like fish
56. Entry in an account
57. He's always cast as a comic Latin type, but was born in good old Oklahoma—first name
59. Behold
61. Too
63. First name of Mammy Singer, No. 1
65. Stolid-looking wrestler type, who played "Red" in "Sing Me a Love Song"—first name
66. First name of deceased actor, famous for his roles a la Boris Karloff
67. Fish eggs
68. - - - view
69. Four in Roman numerals
70. He and Vic McLaglen made the Quirt-Flagg combination famous
71. Land measure
72. Tardy
73. She and Jimmy Dunn formed one of the screen's most popular teams
75. First name of Lithuanian actor whom you saw in "Love on the Run"
77. Fly high
78. She acquired sudden publicity from her diary
83. In a little while
84. First name's Gloria. Last sounds Irish
86. There was a lot of talk about her troubles with Harry Bannister
88. Snatch
92. Champagne
94. She plays those fluttery, ga-ga roles. Her first name is Alice
96. Prefix meaning double
97. John Howard played in "Millions in the - - -"
98. Weaver bird of South Africa
100. She was last seen in "Hoop-la!"
101. Nickname of actress recently rumored engaged to Howard Hughes
103. Funeral fire
104. By
105. Stalk
107. She's married to star of "Hurricane"
109. Jeanne M - - - - n
111. Inside
112. She won the Academy Award for her work in "Dangerous"—first name
114. Zasu Pitts' fellow maid-servant in "The Guardsman"
117. One comedian in "Singing Kid"
119. Lucy in "The Road Back"
120. She played exotic roles until she starred in "Dark Angel"
121. "Uriah Heep" in "David Copperfield"

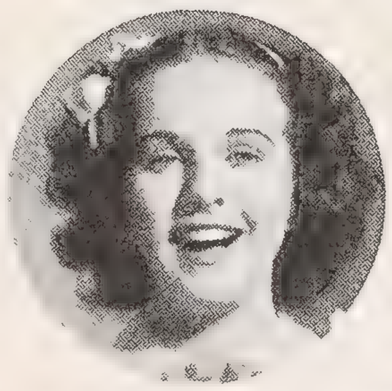
PAGE

DOWN

1. Heavy sleeper in "The King and the Chorus Girl"
2. Antiseptic for wounds
3. Refusal
4. Chew away
5. Always, poetic
6. Impersonator of Eleanor Powell in "Top of the Town"
7. He played "Jerry" in "Beloved Enemy"—first name
8. Talleyrand in "Marie Walewska"
9. Merry
10. Barely make
11. Concerning
12. The villain's laugh
13. First name of 80 across
14. Star of "We Who Are About To Die"
15. Sound of hesitation
16. The maid in "Woman Chases Man"
22. Female star of "Top of the Town"
25. The handsome young aviator who became a movie star
27. Queer
29. First name of toothy character actress in "Parnell"
31. Rowing implement
32. Warner singing star
34. Funny man married to Venita Varden
37. Master chef in "History is Made at Night"—first name
38. Kind of beer
39. Hollywood's most beautiful blonde
42. Wilderness journey
43. Girl juvenile who cuts up for Columbia
44. Royal Navy, abbr.
46. On top of
48. Initials of Frances Farmer's husband
51. Universal's fat man
52. She skated to fame
53. Ingenue of "Ceiling Zero"
55. Screen vamp of the silents
58. Impersonal pronoun
60. Grace Moore achieved screen fame in "- - - Night of Love"
62. Actress in "Robin Hood of El Dorado." First name is Ann
64. Mrs. Crosby
66. Mr. Moto himself
68. Mary Brian played in "Peter - - -" on the silent screen
70. - - - - Ray
72. Vic Orsatti's wife
74. Exotic dancer in "The Garden of Allah"
76. Abbr. for verso, left-hand page
79. First name's Winifred; she sings; she has three children
80. Gamin
81. Full of ore
82. Initials of the male lead in "Cimarron"
83. First name of 39 down
85. Curate
87. First name of the girl in "The Gay Desperado"
89. Renee - - - of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"
90. Ventilating
91. Ex-husband of Ruth Chatterton
92. Pierce
93. Diner
95. Leslie Howard's Shakespearean role on the screen
99. The dog in the "Thin Man" pictures
101. Kind of card game
102. Blond, unmarried star who sang at the MacDonald-Raymond wedding
103. Country of the Inca Indians
106. The Three Stooges used to eat out of his hand—first name
107. Payable
108. Make mistakes
110. Dual performance
113. Symbol for tellurium
115. Shot for a child's gun
116. Half an em
118. Indefinite article

CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by Deanna Durbin

New Universal Pictures' Star







THEY'RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they're sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: "Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier." Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . .
colors bright . . . because they're pure

BETWEEN YOU 'n' ME

Your letter or poem may win a cash prize. Why not try your luck now?



Most of us like to scoff at Westerns, but do we really dislike them? A prize winner has the answer.

$5.00 Prize Poem
Movie Fan's Prayer

If fickle Fate would only lend
Me Gary Cooper for a friend,
Or give me just one hour alone
With subtly charming Franchot Tone.
Once let me dance with Fred Astaire,
Or rumple up MacMurray's hair,
And let me chat with handsome Gable
Across some private dinner table,
Or maybe Freddie March would do,
His profile makes a lovely view.
I still would ask for one thing more,
And this I really do implore,
For my lasting, full-time steady
Kindly give me Nelson Eddy.—Dorothy Dale, Montgomery, Ala.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Who's King Now?

Ladies and gentlemen: Today, we have the battle of the century, for the title, "King of Feminine Hearts." In this corner, we have dimpled, man's man, ladies' man, Clark Gable. In the other corner, pretty, pretty Robert Taylor. There goes the bell . . . they're out of their corners. At first Taylor is unsteady, rather inexperienced, then lands his first punch, "Broadway Melody;" that makes Gable wince. Dimpled Gable lands a terrific punch, "Mutiny on the Bounty;" that makes Robert wobble. Clarkie follows this up with a wallop, "San Francisco," but Taylor stands his ground and retaliates with a honey, "Magnificent Obsession." He repeats and has Gable tottering with his Armand in "Camille." They're both punching weakly now, Clark with a tap, "Love on the Run" and Taylor with another tap, "Personal Property." Gable, still weak, flares forth with a not so strong "Parnell," while Bob packs a better punch in "This is My Affair." The bell rings . . . the fight's over.

Who won the title? Why, it was taken in a clean sweep by a very deserving Errol Flynn!—Lillian Houtwed, New York, New York.

Write a Letter—Win a Prize

Boost your favorites! Writing a letter to Between You 'n' Me is one way of doing it. The stars are anxious to know just what you think of them, and these columns are yours to register your opinions. So, let's have frank comments on the players and movies. And if you must say it with a poem, that's all right, too.

By the way, the question, "Who's King of Feminine Hearts—Ty Power or Bob Taylor?" hasn't been settled yet, so keep on sending in your votes. Don't let your favorite take second place in this exciting popularity fight!

Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
An Old American Custom

I wish to voice what may seem a very silly protest but, to me, this particular question has been a source of constant worry. In dubbing a new screen player, why should not each performer have two names? I am just enough bound by American tradition to expect an individual, be he actor or refrigerator salesman, to be called by two names. Is the single word "Margo" any more enhancing than the double title "Claudette Colbert"? Is the bewildering "Annabella" any more captivating that the lilting "Myrna Loy"?

Such single appellations strike of incompleteness. They leave one with the idea that the movies are trying to squeeze from the glamor theme every drop of attraction which this motif once had. Certainly, a player with two names, be they ever so screwy, is following a good old American custom, while an actor who is known by a one-word, hazy, mysterious designation, creates a cloak of unreality about him. Name-nabbers, give us twice-titled stars—Beatrice Dubow, Pittsburgh.

$1.00 Prize Letter
I say—

You probably know that in England, owing to the admirable realism of Hollywood, the U. S. A. is regarded by many as a country populated by gangsters, crooks and society nit-wits, a cloud of corruption always hovering over everything, so that an honest judge is believed to be as rare as apples on plum trees.

But the latest menace of Hollywood is that it is creating an appalling impression of American childhood. Your screen children—Jane Withers, Shirley Temple, Bonita Granville, etc.—ugly, untidy, bad-tempered, ill-mannered and detestably precocious little brats, make one despair that America will ever contribute anything worth while to the peaceful progress of the world, if these are samples of her rising generation. And how is that, though your greatest stars speak beautifully, young America is born with its voice in its nose?

As an English movie fan who greatly admires the many fine things Hollywood gives us, I say, for mercy's sake, give us some screen children we can really like.—G. Livesey, London, Eng.

$1.00 Prize Letter
No Three-ringed Circus

Miss Glutz and Mr. Blotz elope to Reno; Susie Finch and Donald Linch wed in Mexico. There's nothing astonishing about such news; it appears in the daily paper each morning along with my coffee. Much more welcome were the tidings that Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond had a church wedding, just like us folks. It makes you feel warm and happy to think that in mad, mad Hollywood, one couple wanted their marriage their own and not a three-ringed circus for publicity purposes. Perhaps I'm just a bit old-fashioned and too romantic, but a picture of Jeanette walking down the aisle and Gene waiting for her at the altar, just like you and me, was a most beautiful setting.

For the beautiful way they conducted their engagement and for sticking to their guns and having their wedding the way they wanted it, a bouquet of roses and the best of luck.—Bertha Kurtz, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Bette Davis—Horror Specialist?

It isn't my usual habit to sit down, after seeing a picture and write a letter of protest. But, this time, I must!

I have just seen "Marked Woman" and "Kid Galahad." Both were excellent—but I didn't like Bette Davis! I am not criticizing her acting, which was flawless, but the character she portrayed. With each role it becomes increasingly difficult to disassociate the real Bette from the reel one.

Everyone of her screen offerings is so over-emotional and morbid that one comes out of the theatre thoroughly depressed. Since her success in "Of Human Bondage," Miss Davis has had little more to do in pictures than wear her hair awry, glare wildly, grit her teeth and twitch her face through ten reels. Her studio had better wake up or they are going to degrade her into a horror specialist.—Jerry Turner, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Those Candid Shots

There's a din being raised in the far West by frantic stars about certain candid camera shots, appearing in fan magazines. Pay no attention, MODERN SCREEN, keep snapping them unawares! Besides liking something different from the usual glamor poses, we are glad to know that the actress we wished we looked like is a human, off-screen, whose hair isn't always curled and who isn't always the last word in poise. It satisfies our vanity to realize that even the most beautiful actresses aren't perfect, and the realization takes away the sting of our own defects.—Grace Houston, West New York, N. J.

(*Continued on page 96*)

"SURE, I LIKE A GOOD TIME!"

They called her a party wife. They said she "wasn't fit to be a mother." But *you'll* recognize Stella Dallas as one of the greatest, finest characters on the screen!



From Rudyard Kipling's heroic pen!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

starring

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

and

VICTOR McLAGLEN

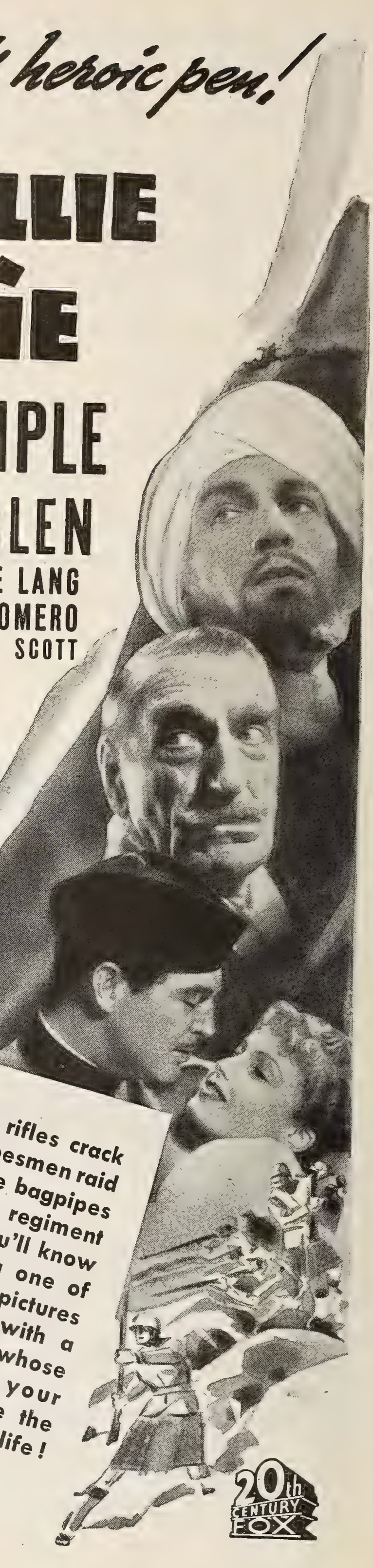
with C. AUBREY SMITH · JUNE LANG
MICHAEL WHALEN · CESAR ROMERO
CONSTANCE COLLIER · DOUGLAS SCOTT

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production





The glorious adventure of the Scottish Highlanders in the land of the Bengal Lancers, and of the little girl who won the right to wear their plaid!

When the rifles crack and the tribesmen raid ...when the bagpipes skirl and the regiment charges...you'll know you're seeing one of the greatest pictures ever made — with a Shirley Temple whose power to stir your emotions will be the wonder of your life!

Hollywood paid $2.20 to see it—and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!

20th CENTURY FOX

Profile of a lovely lady who looks like the title of her next picture, "Angel." Marlene is planning a brief trip abroad very soon to put her daughter in school and take a peek at the new Fall fashions.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee





The son of a distinguished actor, Tyrone Power did not cash in on his Dad's reputation. He tried to crash the stage, but Broadway couldn't see his "face" value. Hollywood could. And can't we all now!

Photo by Kornman

Myrna Loy means big box office. She started in mystery movies, but branched out to roles more suited to her sprightly personality. You'll see her soon in "Double Wedding" with Bill Powell.

Photo by Hurrell



MYRNA LOY

JAMES STEWART



Of all the get-well notes Jim received during his hospital sojourn, Ginger Rogers' was the one the doctor ordered. And to show no love is lost, Ginger had "Vivacious Lady" postponed so he can be her hero in it.

Photo by Ted Allen



ROCHELLE HUDSON

Before you can say Brunette Bombshell, a title, incidentally, which fits Rochelle to a T, she'll tell you she's bored with ga-ga roles, saccharine publicity and—college boys. Otherwise, everything is just fine, thanks.

Photo by Gene Kornman

DON'S TRUE LOVE STORY

By Gladys Hall

WE SAT at luncheon in a private dining-room on the studio lot, a luncheon for twelve people with Don Ameche the guest of honor. Next to me sat a blonde young woman, Nordic in coloring, with bright, fair hair combed straightly back and coiled at her neck, a woman scrubbed and flowery and glowy-looking, who remarked with a happy sigh, "I'm so glad I could come today. I didn't think I could get away. But I was smart this week. I've got all the work finished, the washing and ironing out of the way, the baking done. It's nice to have a whole day just to visit."

I said, "I don't believe I got the name?"

"Mrs. Don Ameche," smiled the blonde ice-flower with the warm, deep-set blue eyes, the friendly, folksy smile.

I gasped. Ice water flung in my face by the lady's hand couldn't have evoked a gaspier gasp. I asked her to repeat what she had said. She did, eyeing me rather curiously.

Habit is strong. Custom stales the belief in any "infinite variety." And custom has led me to be sure that stars' wives, patting yawns with lovely limp hands, will say, "So glad I could come. That stupid masseuse was half an hour late, my dear. What is the world coming to?" Or, "The races, you know, take up so much time and what with seventeen cocktail parties this week, really, my calendar is *obese.*" Such plaints as these are a'plenty. But a star's wife saying, happily, that she had "red up" the house, got the washing and ironing behind her—oh, no, oh, *no!*

I stole a look at Don Ameche, darkly handsome, always smiling, his fine eyes as kind, as friendly, as the blue eyes of his wife.

GIRLS, WHAT *are* we coming to, though? For, you had better take this tale to heart. You may as well take Joe Doakes now and give up the thought of that mink coat, yachts, planes or the crown jewels to play marbles with. The next thing you know, we'll be hearing about the pies that the Duchess of Windsor used to make!

You may as well put away that dream of what life might be like if married to Clark Gable, Tyrone Power or any other movie eligible. The Gable shirts, the Taylor p. j.s take quite as much rubbing and rinsing as do those of Joe Doakes. You stand just as good a chance with Joe, I should say, of getting that electric dishwasher or latest vacuum cleaner. Really, it's shattering, this sort of thing. It's like finding out that Aladdin's Lamp was just another one of those fairy tales.

There have been all kinds of fantastic households in Hollywood. But never a Swiss Family Robinson like the Don Ameches. It is, I do swear, the only menage of its kind, now or ever, in all the Hollywoods. It's probably the Adam and Eve, the first and original movie marriage of its kind. It's real. It's rooted in schooldays romance. It's fruited with homely things, "savings against a rainy day," family obligations, younger brothers and sisters of Don's to school and clothe. It stands firm on its foundations, not to be loosed by fame or tarnished by star dust. There is a sheen over it—of love.

I know, for I made it my business to find out. As one pins a butterfly to the wall, through the middle, I cornered Mrs. Don and made her go on from there. I was more fascinated than ever I have been by any legend, any fable of fabulous Hollywood. And she talked. She talked about the babies and the home and, above all, about Don, as any happy, confident wife and mother talks, and is eager and unselfconscious in talking, about her husband and home.

They live on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, the Ameches. It is far from the studio, but "it's good for



Don Ameche's grand, declare his studio pals. He's so handsome, choruses feminine America. He's so good, says his wife.

the babies." It is the ranch formerly occupied by W. C. Fields. And what would W. C. say now to lines flapping with young Ameche underpinnings, odors of home-baked pies wafting out on the fruit-laden air; the shouts and laughter of the Sunday afternoons which Don gives exclusively to romping with his small sons, Donny and Ronny? He calls it "wrestling day."

They keep no servants. They have with them a young chap by the name of Gabriel, a girl named Anne. And between Mrs. Don and Gabriel and Ann, the work of the house and babies and gardens is done.

Don's fan mail is answered by Mrs. Don and Anne, by *hand*. Gabriel usually gets Don's breakfast; Mrs. Don gets her own and the babies'. Don's clothes are laid out for him by Gabriel, not because Don expects any valet service. "But because," laughed Honore Ameche, "if we

didn't lay his clothes out, he would go out wearing one red sock and one blue; the coat of one suit, the trousers of another.

HE IS zealous to the point of being fanatical about his work. He's eager and willing to work twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, if necessary. There is no detail too small or unimportant for him to labor over. He is so punctilious that he wouldn't take as much as a sip of cider before going on the air or on a sound stage. He says he couldn't do his best if he'd had anything to drink. He doesn't consider cocktails potions of the devil, but he does prefer Dago Red or grape juice. And if ever he does take a cocktail before dinner, he makes me drive the car.

"And yet he is as careless and casual as a six-year-old about what he considers 'unimportant matters.' And he considers himself unimportant. Not that he is falsely modest. It just wouldn't even occur to him that there is anything to be modest about. He thinks of himself as a business man with a job to do. He tells people that his ambition is to be 'a good provider for my family.' And he is. Vanity just *isn't*, where Don is concerned. I could never feel a doubt in the world about him. I could never be jealous. He has never changed, not even a little. He's so *good*," said Honore Ameche, from her heart.

"He never buys himself anything. Yes, he did, (*Continued on page 89*)

The Ameches step out so seldom that when they do, they do it right. Here's a very recent picture of this couple at the Cocoanut Grove.



Six years after they met, the Don Ameches married! You'll agree that theirs is the most unusual romance on record

DEANNA-

Fate may have given her a chance,





"Three Smart Girls," her first picture, put Deanna Durbin (center) on the movie map. Nan Grey and Barbara Read are with her. (Above) Adolphe Menjou, Deanna and Mischa Auer in "100 Men and a Girl."

By Caroline S. Hoyt

HOLLYWOOD citizens were startled one morning a few months ago when they opened their newspapers and read two highly contradictory advertisements on the music page. Said the first:

"For seven months the only vocal teacher of Deanna Durbin. With me she prepared the two auditions that won her the two recent long-term contracts with Universal and Eddie Cantor's radio program."

A few inches lower on the page there was the advertisement of another singing teacher, whose copy read something like this:

"The discoverer and voice teacher of Deanna Durbin. It is he who prepared her for the Universal contract and Eddie Cantor broadcasts."

It appeared that Deanna's two singing teachers were having a slight difference of opinion. Indeed, they were not the only people who were quarreling over this thirteen-year-old girl, for two mighty studios were making faces at each other, each claiming Deanna. A bewildered public was given the impression that this child must have something more than they had been able to hear over the radio, for at that time her picture, "Three Smart Girls," had not yet been released.

DIMINUTIVE DIVA

but much more than luck and a voice keep her on top

Now, Deanna Durbin has never built a mouse-trap, I'm sure, but she is the perfect example of that old quotation about building a better one. The world, in this instance, bearing motion picture and radio contracts, beat a path to her door because she could sing a little better.

Deanna giggled at the idea of a mouse-trap having anything to do with her success. She had been under the impression that it was the direct result of having practiced her scales and vocal exercises faithfully.

She was at the studio to pose for some pictures when I found her. The hairdresser was trying out a new hair arrangement, quite different from the youthful hairdress which she ordinarily wears. It made her look a little older, although nothing but time can eradicate the unmistakable evidence of extreme youth—the round, almost chubby, pink cheeks, the look of innocence in her clear, blue eyes. It was only her radio audiences who demanded to see her birth certificate before they could believe she was born on December 4, 1922. One look at her would convince anyone that she is no more than the fourteen years she claims and, in fact, she doesn't look as old as the fourteen-year-old girl who lives next door to you.



She confided that she has grown an inch since she signed her Universal contract.

Deanna is made up of contradictions. She is at once a most charming but very non-committal child. She looks, acts and is a little girl; yet her voice is that of a mature woman, and experts say her throat is fully developed. Her blue, wool knitted dress, her sturdy school shoes with their flat heels all bespeak youth, but at the same time she has all the poise of a seasoned trouper. She never wears lipstick or any make-up except for work, and, unlike many girls her age, she has never had a beau and doesn't seem interested in boys in a romantic way.

The Durbin family lives in an unpretentious house near the studio, and life at that home now revolves entirely around its youthful star. However, it always has done so. Deanna's mother, a quiet, unassuming little woman with a decided Canadian accent, is not a stage mama in any sense of the word. She looks after her child to the best of her ability, but she doesn't spoil her. She is still a little bewildered and not sure of just what has happened, but glad it did. She doesn't like to read things about Deanna that aren't true.

"Deanna's ambition is some day to be good enough to sing at the Metropolitan," she told me, as we sat in a deserted office at the studio and waited for Deanna. "But it is foolish to think of such a thing now. She has years of study ahead of her and I'd like to have that straightened out. It has been printed that Deanna had an opportunity to make an audition for the Metropolitan," she said, almost apologetically. "That isn't true, and it's such a silly thing for anyone to say."

THE FIRST time I saw this wonder child she was sitting up in bed, clad in a pair of pink pajamas, making a scene for "Three Smart Girls." Another more important and much older star was the reason for my visit to the set and had occupied my attention until the order for "quiet" was given, and I heard Deanna's (*Continued on page 84*)

When Deanna made her first trip to New York, did she want to visit a night club? No, this unsophisticated youngster had other plans. (Below) Another scene from our songbird's first cinema triumph.



SHE'S TAKING IT

CLAUDETTE COLBERT stood in the doorway of her dressing-room dressed in a brown tailored suit and a very becoming hat which had a chicken feather sticking up in front. She laughed when I mentioned it.

"My maid bought it for me," she said. "I've been working so hard on my last picture that I haven't had a minute to shop. Today I was giving a luncheon for six women and what girl could give a luncheon without a new hat? So I sent the maid out for some brown hats and this is one of them."

She looked as calm and unruffled as though I had not been a half hour late for my appointment. Everything about her was restful—the cool, cheerful sitting-room, which had been newly decorated in gay chintzes, the atmosphere of orderliness about her.

"I was afraid you'd walk out on me, I was so late," I began," but she only laughed.

"There's no hurry," she drawled. "This is the first time in my life that I was ever on time. A year ago I might have been upset at having to wait but I've gotten over being in such a rush. I'm learning to take it easy.

"What do you get out of life if you don't stop to enjoy it as you go along?" she asked, warming to her subject. "You rush along, working yourself into a frenzy over a lot of trivialities and realize too late that you have missed half the scenery.

"It wasn't so long ago that I thought I had to make a certain number of pictures every year; I thought if I was off the screen a few weeks my career was over; if I was held up by a traffic signal for one minute I fretted myself almost into a breakdown. I've learned better."

By Franc Dillon

IT WAS a series of incidents that taught her this lesson. Incidents that impressed her as being bad breaks at the time they occurred but when viewed in retrospect turned out to be lucky breaks.

"Remember when I first came to Hollywood and after making one picture I sailed off on a leisurely four-mouths' trip to Europe?" asked Claudette. "I had made two bad pictures in New York and didn't wait to learn how the one I made here had turned out. All my friends advised me not to go away just then. They said audiences would forget me; that I was risking my whole career by leaving before I was firmly established.

"I thought that they were probably right, but I went anyway and had a marvelous time. When I came back, I started right in where I had left off. Certainly that is one instance where I lost nothing by taking my time. The trip cost me money, of course—I mean, money I lost by not working—but it was a wonderful experience and, I believe, was what made me begin to realize the unimportance of a lot of things I had always believed were terribly important."

As she sat opposite me on the comfortable divan, she looked the picture of contentment. There wasn't a line in her face; there wasn't a nervous movement in her whole makeup. The splashes of roses and green leaves on the cream-colored slip-covers on the furniture were no more vivid than her own coloring—the sparkle in her brown eyes, the rich brown of her hair with its reddish glints. It was a far cry to the experiences she had undergone when, for seven weeks, she worked on exteriors for the picture, "I Met Him In Paris," in Sun Valley, Idaho.

"You'll be away seventeen days," they told her when she left for the distant location, but the company stayed seven weeks. Except for ten days when she was in bed with influenza, Claudette worked every day—long days, too, that began at sunrise. "Only most days the sun forgot to rise," she explained. "We had to be on location, twenty-five miles from the hotel, by eight o'clock in case the sun would shine. Then, with the temperature any place from 35° below zero to 85° above, we waited and waited until there was no longer a chance for sunshine.

"I had a little heater that I put my feet on, but if my feet were warm, my hands were cold. It was quite an experience," she concluded.

ALTHOUGH she is not supposed to be an expert at any of the winter sports (in the picture, I mean) she had to learn enough about them to be an amateur.

"I didn't know a Gelaende sprung from a Christy turn when I went up there. When I went to bed at night after practicing them for hours I felt like an overworked adagio dancer.

"I practiced until I could do a few simple antics on skates, but the skis are something else. The experts would come booming down the mountains at a terrifying speed. It looked very simple until I tried it.

"The teacher's favorite phrase to me was, 'You are stemming again—always stemming.' Stemming is the easiest thing about skiing. It's the most natural thing in the world to have your skis turn in pigeon-toe fashion. The only trouble is that when that happens you usually fall down. I never did get off what they called the 'nursery slope'."

At night when the company returned to the Inn—sometimes on a snow plow if no other method of transportation could get through the deep drifts—Claudette invariably went to her room, had her dinner on a tray and went right to bed. This practice led some of the Eastern society crowd, up there for the winter sports, to remark that she was "not at all like our idea of a Hollywood movie star." (*Continued on page 78*)

CASQ

Are you rushing the present to get into the future? Claudette Colbert isn't—and here's why





Shirley Ross supplies the heart interest "Waikiki Wedding." Wait till you have to say about their Dad's

BING

And our once-carefree crooner is confronted with a grave problem. How shall he solve it?

By Gladys Hall



in Bing's latest croon-fest, hear what the Crosby chillun screen romances!



The Crosbys believe in big families. Here's Dixie with Dennis, Phillip and Gary. Sir Stork's flappin' his wings again.

GROWS UP

MY SON, Gary, saw his first motion picture not long ago," Bing said. "It was 'Rhythm on the Range.' When he came home I asked him how he liked it. He seemed to be struck dumb with embarrassment. He stood first on one foot, then on the other. He wouldn't look at me or his mother. I asked him again what he thought of the picture. He finally blurted out, in kind of a hard, cold, little voice, 'You kissed a girl.' You could have knocked me down. I tried to explain that it was just make-believe. He didn't seem to be convinced for, still refusing to look at me, he said, 'She is a bad girl.'

"That sure gave me something to think about," said Bing, "a reaction like that from a kid not quite four. I think I understood, though. I could imagine what I would have thought if I had seen my Dad 'kissing a girl.' But it couldn't have happened to me. That's where I was lucky. Nope, it couldn't have happened among the kind of people I was brought up with.

"How do you bring kids up these days as they should be brought up? What with radio and pictures and parents in this business, how do you keep them unspoiled and unsophisticated as they should be. It sure worries me."

And it sure surprised me. Somehow one does not associate Bing—Bing with the catch in his voice—with parental worries. But one has to, for Bing has grown up. This worry of Bing's gives us the clue to Crosby, as he is today, as he has always been, really. Bing is old-fashioned.

Bing has never got away, in heart, from the comfortable, shabby house in Spokane, Washington, where he and his six brothers and sisters grew up, worked and played and had their chores to do; learned the value of a dollar because they had to earn a dollar when they wanted one; got old-fashioned spankings when they deserved them and where they did the most good; honored their father and their mother; were taught to obey the Golden Rule.

"We all had our chores to do," Bing said. "We washed and wiped the dishes by turns. We chopped wood and stacked it. We ran errands. We washed windows. We mowed the lawn. The first crooning I ever did was over a lawn mower. We lived at home, of course, and the folks paid our tuitions at school. But we had to do everything else for ourselves. Had to buy our own clothes as soon as we were any size at all. If we wanted to go to a movie Saturday night, we had to hustle and earn fifty cents or a dollar, and if we didn't earn it, we didn't go.

"We didn't keep a servant. That was rich man's stuff. Our mother cooked and baked and sewed for the lot of us. She still does," grinned Bing. "If I have a cold, she's right over at our house on Toluca Lake (she and Pop live a few blocks away from us), and she puts me to bed whether I like it or not and doses me up with all the old-fashioned remedies. If any one of us does anything she doesn't approve of very much, including me, she tells us off plenty. She tells me off plenty. Occasionally, some fake publicity story will break, and if she doesn't like the sound of it, she's right after me, demanding to know what I'm going to do about it. *(Continued on page 83)*



GEE, THOSE KIDS

And there isn't one among them who claims to be a child prodigy! Yet, there are definite reasons why they're so very successful

By Faith Service



Jane Withers, the picture prankster, is *that* practical off-screen!

I CAN'T say that I actually believe in reincarnation," said Aunt Cissie Bartholomew slowly, "but when it comes to Freddie, I—well, I don't know how else to account for him. He is a puzzle and something of a miracle to me every day I live. And I have lived every day with him since he was an infant. I still can't understand how he knows what he knows—things I know he has never been told, never read, never experienced. True, I have read to him extensively, Shakespeare, Dickens, the classics. I have talked with him considerably. But he can discuss things, understand things I know he has never known—in this life.

"One instance stands vividly in my mind. Freddie was three. It was Freddie's first day in London. We were riding on a bus. We passed the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Instantly, as if automatically obeying some instinctive impulse, Freddie rose in his seat, stood erect and, without the slightest trace of self-consciousness, saluted the tomb of the Unknown Soldier!"

Aunt Cissie paused a moment. "Some of the people in the bus smiled," she recalled. "A few had tears in their eyes. I sat there, frozen. I was plain scared. He had never even been taught to salute in play. How did he know?

"Just the other night I had a nightmare. I was dreaming that kidnappers were in the house. I was struggling with them, terrified. I woke to find Freddie standing over me, patting my shoulder, saying reassuringly, 'It's all right, Aunt Cissie, those men have gone, dear.' I stared at him and said, 'What do you mean, Freddie, what men?' He answered, 'The kidnappers, the one with the black beard and long sort of hair. I knew what you were dreaming, you see, so I just wanted to wake you and tell you we are all right.' (*Continued on page 91*)

Stay Young With

Movie actresses look younger as the years roll on. Yes, there's

THE FOUR actresses on these two pages seem to get younger, instead of older, as the years go by. Why, there's Irene Dunne, who went out to Hollywood back about 1931 to play in a dear little flop called "Leathernecking" or something, and today in 1937 she looks five years younger than she did then. Jean Arthur's first attempt at picture fame, which ended unhappily, is remembered well enough by all of you, and you'll also remember how her lack of chic and spirit made her seem older five years ago than she does now. Miriam Hopkins looks younger right this minute than she did when she was playing in "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye" for the Theatre Guild in '29. Colbert looks younger than when she was playing in "The Barker." Hollywood is full of such examples. Norma Shearer. Myrna Loy. Janet Gaynor. They've *all* been in pictures at least ten years, so yuh know they must be over thirty, no matter what their press agents say.

Granted, thirty's no great age. But don't you know a score of women of thirty-odd who look at least ten years older? I'll go further. There are dozens of movie stars of a former day, who are over forty, and are, today, chic, slim, vital, young-looking. Not all dewy and pink and white and completely unlined as to face—no. None but a sap would expect it. But just as lovely for all that with their good figures, their clear, well-tended skins, their wit and charm and poise. Billie Burke. Aileen Pringle. Billie Dove. Dorothy Mackaill. Lila Lee. The ones who have gotten fat and puffy or burned-out looking and too thin are the exceptions.

Let me take up your sales resistance first, before I start my little thesis entitled, "If they can do it, why can't you?"

"These women have a lot of money," you say. "They have a lot of time. They have many serv-



Miriam Hopkins, yesterday (inset) and today! It's hard to believe, but, almost ten years ago, when she was still on the stage, Miriam looked older than she does this minute.





Staying young is the star's job. If she can do it, why can't you? Claudette Colbert echoes, "Why not, indeed?" And *she's* learned beauty secrets since her "Barker" days in '29.



Way back in 1931, Irene Dunne appeared in "Leatherneck-ing," and this is how she looked. Quite different from the beauteous, glamorous creature she is today!

Jean Arthur bungled up her start in pictures because she lacked chic and pep. Remember "Cameo Kirby"? Today, paradoxically, her success is based on her vitality and "polish."

ants. They were pretty darn beautiful, or anyhoo, exceptionally good-looking, to start with. With the aforementioned money they can buy the services of masseuses, beauty experts of every description, French maids to keep their clothes in exquisite order, coif their hair, manicure, pedicure, and pat the phizz with sweet-smelling unguents after the day's work at the studio. And all these advantages help to keep them young."

Answering all that, I'll concede one point: They were all pretty fine critters to start with. But your other arguments—phooey! Just give a second's thought to wealthy, non-professional women whom you may know or whom you see in the roto sections. Are they always lovely and young-looking? No. Frequently, they're far too fat, often they're not particularly chic, often they're downright dowdy. Because they sometimes don't give a hoot, or they've let easy living make them fat and soft, or too strenuous living render them too thin and haggard. Money alone ain't the answer, ladies. Nor servants. And so far as time goes, I don't know who has less time than a popular movie star, such'n as Mlles. Arthur, Dunne, Colbert and Hopkins.

It's the will to keep yourself in trim that's the answer. The pride in yourself, the will power to pass up a few measly eating and drinking pleasures and the intelligence to prevent before you have to cure.

You girls in the late twenties and early thirties, watch these things: Add to your regular list of cosmetics a cream that you use exclusively for softening and gentle massage. A tissue cream is what such a beauty aid is usually called. It is heavier in oil content than your cleansing cream. Young gals don't need such, but you do. Don't wait for the first lines to appear but start using a soften-

(*Continued on page 93*)

The Stars

By Mary Marshall

a secret—and it's simple! You can learn it in no time, too

FLYING TO FAME

By Robert H. McIlwaine



Little did John Trent know, when he piloted a producer, that Fate flew, too.



Pretty Marian Marsh plays John's romantic moment in "The Great Gambini," a thriller.

JOHN TRENT literally flew his way into the movies. Yes, and he will be the first to tell you that piloting a giant transport plane was no tough job! But emoting before the cameras; well, there's *another* story—yet, at that, one he doesn't mind discussing.

It seems that Producer B. P. Schulberg needed only one long look and the unanimous vote of his party of friends, aboard a plane en route to Kansas City, to convince him that John Trent—then Pilot La Verne Brown—was definitely a picture possibility. It was shortly after this initial trip that Mr. Schulberg travelled the skyways again with this same pilot at the controls. And it was on this second flight that the producer broached the subject of a screen test to an already-satisfied-with-life pilot.

"I thought at first that Ben was just being nice," Trent confessed, "and so I promised to call him up if ever I felt the movie urge. Then I promptly forgot about it all until several months later when I received a telegram from him. I still didn't think too much about it though. In fact, I'm afraid I didn't even answer the wire. I had a good job, I figured, so why tackle something new when, after years, I had finally converted my family to becoming airminded? It was no easy task selling them on the idea of my going into aviation, but I at last had accomplished it, so I didn't even want to think about a change. But evidently Fate stepped in and worked things out.

"Ben travelled with me quite often after that and each time he'd invariably ask when I was going to work for him. Well, to make a short story long, while I was on vacation, I visited Hollywood. Just for a gag, I called Ben and told him I'd like to make a test. I thought it would be fun and at least something (*Continued on page 88*)

John Trent is making the movie grade at aviator's speed

WEALTHY AND WISE

Sylvia Sidney owes it all to Benjamin Franklin!

By Dorothy Herzog



"My life," says Sylvia, "is an open book—but can I help it if a few of the pages are stuck together?"

A GENTLEMAN named Benjamin Franklin once said, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Mr. Franklin was around quite some years before the advent of Sylvia Sidney, of Hollywood and New York fame, but Sylvia effectively practices at least part of Mr. Franklin's advice. She rises early. In *many* ways, she rises early.

Sylvia Sidney has come East upon the completion of each of her pictures. Having no home in New York, she has lived at a hotel. Being healthy, wealthy and wise, she began to wonder why not have her own apartment in New York, one arranged exactly as she enjoys a place. So, no sooner thought of than done. And now, in a brownstone house that has been converted into apartments, Sylvia is set up to her complete satisfaction.

"I don't really want unnecessary possessions," she said, very seriously. "I like to travel light."

"It's funny that you've never owned property on the Coast," we remarked. "The real estate 'bug' usually gets everyone in pictures."

Sylvia's small, oval face was wreathed in a smile. "It nearly got me once," she admitted. "That was just shortly after I went to Hollywood. Mother and I leased a house in Beverly. The person who owned it wanted to sell. I had it investigated to see if the deed and titles and such were clear. I found they weren't. There was a mortgage and, as a matter of fact, I could purchase the property for the amount of the mortgage—which, by the way, was much lower than the high price placed on it for my benefit. So, I didn't do anything about it."

"Do you have a business manager?" we queried.

I MANAGE myself," she laughed. "I used to have a paid manager. Then one day I asked myself, why should I? Didn't I have the sense to look out for myself that I had before I got into pictures? Couldn't I take a certain amount of time each day and attend to whatever bills or orders or writing of checks needed to be attended to? I could. And did."

This is where the second half of Mr. Franklin's advice comes in. Sylvia finds time to attend to such matters because she's an early bird. She rises around seven, regardless of what hour she retired. When she is making a picture, she gets up at six.

"They call me a menace on the set," she laughed, "because I'm always on time."

But she loves it. "My friends don't care for it much, though. I sometimes forget eight o'clock's early and after I've been up an hour or so, I'll pick up the phone and call someone. You should listen in on the reception given me!" She shivered. "Vocal icebergs!"

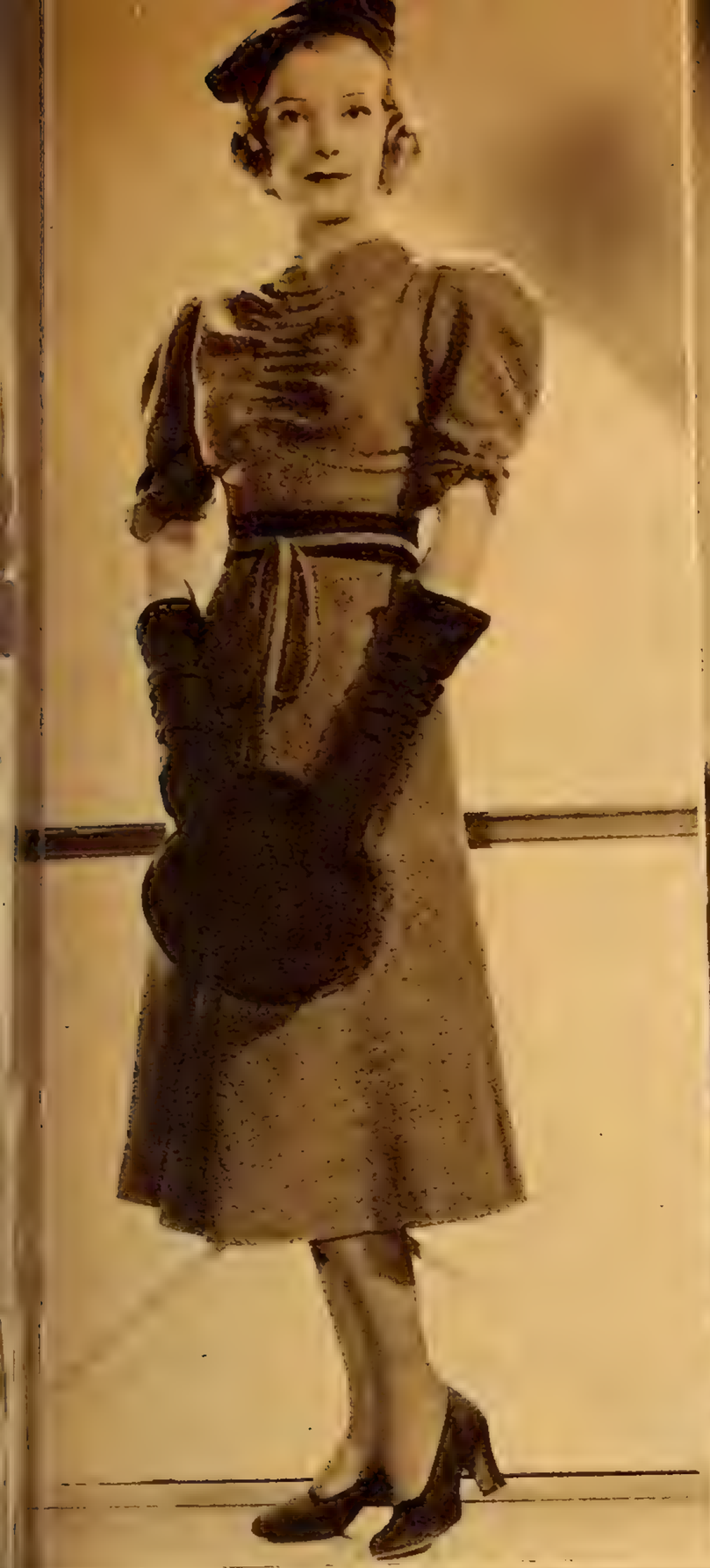
Curious person, Sylvia Sidney. We remember, years ago, when she arrived in Hollywood to fulfill her first movie contract. We remember some of the stories that filtered around the town about what a temperamental girl she was. She was also credited with making big statements about herself and what a shining career as a star she was going to have. To our knowledge, she never denied any of these stories.

"I never did," she admitted. (*Continued on page 86*)

Fall Fashions Forecast

By Ann Wills

Rochelle Hudson's dance dress of flowered blue taffeta combines the best of very old and very new styles. (Right) A suit and hat of the same nubby-surfaced material is a combination Helen Vinson favors.



A swing-skirted dress is Helen Vinson's salute to Autumn. Details most important to watch for are front fullness in your skirts, low waistline and material of a rough texture.



Three coats in one is Sonja Henie's, with detachable fur bolero. Don't let the brown ermine scare you! There are tricks to every trade, and furriers have been working overtime.



Rochelle, the fashion guide for the gadabout college girl, wears the new heartbeat crepe dress. It's her choice for those Summer-into-Fall days and very alluring.

ANY GIRL with a grain of clothes sense and just a little money can look well dressed in midsummer or midwinter," Helen Vinson told me one day, as we settled down to a pot of tea and our favorite subject. "But look around you in late August and early September. Look at the clothes women are wearing, if you can bear it. It is those transition days from Summer into Fall that few women are prepared for. To be well-dressed then is a real test of a girl's enterprise and judgment.

"It takes a lot of energy to have something in your wardrobe for the first Fall days, because you feel so comfortable all along in your Summer sports things of linen and sheer silk that you don't want to make the effort even to think of woolens and furs. It takes keen judgment too, because the most marked changes in fashion are launched in the Fall. You can't just pick up a simple crepe dress or tweedy suit and feel that you are ready for that inevitable morning when there is a hint of Autumn in the air. The lines and the fabric are apt to look like something you found in the attic. You have to study what the really good Hollywood designers are launching in new pictures, follow the fashion news from Paris and then figure out what is best for you in the new style trends. To be all ready to slip into a brand-new outfit of quite different type from your Summer clothes as soon as the first green leaf is tinged with russet—that's having real clothes sense."

This year Helen did not have to figure out for herself what her first Autumn outfits would be. She was so enchanted by the clothes designed by Omar Kiam for her to wear in "Vogues of 1938" that at the completion of the picture she bought them from the studio. Omar Kiam was one of New York's most distinguished dress designers before he went to Hollywood, and since he has been there it has been a toss-up whether Paris followed his innovations or whether he had second sight that told him which way the Paris fashions were heading. When you see his name on the screen as costume designer for certain productions, get out pencil and paper and make notes on details of the costumes. Fashion experts always do.

Two designs, which are illustrated, show innumerable details that are important in the new fashions. The fur-jacket ensemble shows how subtly front fullness is introduced into the new dresses. In this case it is by horizontal tucks. Two-color ensembles in soft blended tones are important this Autumn, and this one is quite the loveliest color combination you ever saw—a rosy hue almost as pink as shrimp with brown ermine jacket and accessories. Don't let that jacket of ermine discour- *(Continued on page 80)*

A trio of players shows you style trends of early Autumn



Michael has been in Hollywood over five years, but until a year ago, you never heard of him! Here he is in a rough-and-tumble bit from "Lady Escapes" with Gloria Stuart.

MAKE WAY FOR MIKE

Fate threatened Whalen three times—but a sense of humor saved him for success

By Ben Maddox

MICHAEL WHALEN decided, definitely, to come to Hollywood when he woke up one "morning after." Fun was fun, and friends might turn into real foes, but things had been carried a trifle too far!

If you had suddenly found yourself lying across the tracks in a New York subway, how would you have felt? Mike came to with a terrific start. The ominous whistle of an onrushing express shrilled through his head. For one instant he was appalled to discover where he was. He's always been quick-witted, and at that moment he was more so than ever. Somehow, drained though he was of vigor, he rolled over and off those tracks. The subway express passed. Then another thundered by before he could rise to his feet.

Today, in his home in Beverly Hills, he recalls that he has been in Hollywood five and a quarter years. "For three years and nine months I attempted to get a break!" You never heard of him until he did get his chance and overnight was a popular leading man. In the past year or so he has heroed in thirteen films.

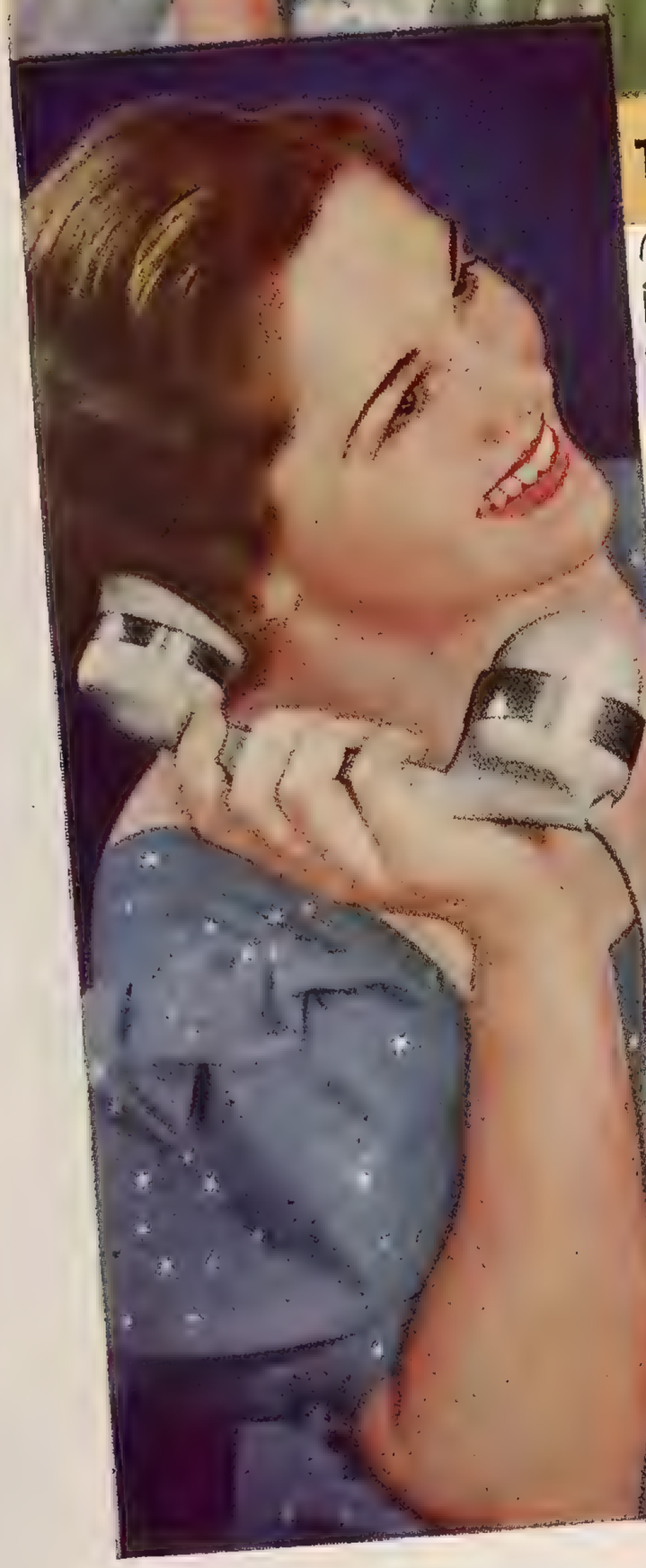
He remembers, though, the prelude to this movie chapter, the untold climax to his New York venture. Across from me in the California Spanish living-room, he dominated the couch on which he sat puffing on his pipe. He was casually correct in sports slacks, polo shirt and plaid coat. But what he confessed was by no means conventional. I'd asked him what Hollywood had done to him, honestly, before and after screen success.

"I don't know whether I should talk like this," he replied, blue eyes forgetting to laugh. "You see, I haven't told anyone here all about myself. Perhaps it will be all right to be completely candid now. To tell you how I've found Hollywood, before and after recognition, I'd have to go on from where I've been stopping. Everything I've said to writers has been true, but I've kind of skipped over some episodes that have been (*Continued on page 76*)



SO *You* WANT A LOVELY COMPLEXION, TOO? WELL, YOU CALLED THE RIGHT NUMBER!





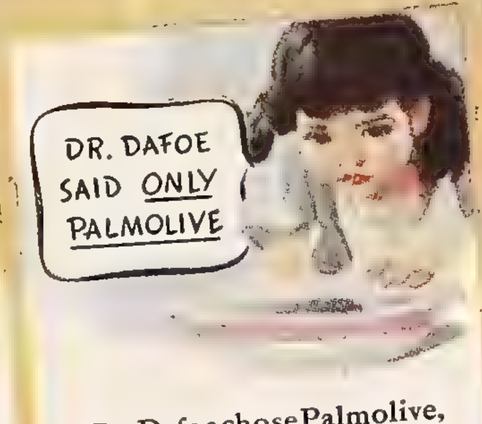
THE DIONNE QUINS give you their "Beauty Secret"



"If you think *your* complexion is a problem, you ought to hear about ours! For we've always had such sensitive skin. And if it hadn't been for Dr. Dafoe, goodness knows what troubles we might have had!"



"When we were tiny babies, Dr. Dafoe bathed us only with Olive Oil. So when we were ready for soap and water baths you can imagine how carefully he chose the soap made from the most soothing ingredients."



"Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil. We're mighty glad he did, for we've never had any complexion trouble. In fact, everyone says we have unusually lovely soft, smooth skin!"

WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE PALMOLIVE

Because the Quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement:

"For some time after their birth the Dionne Quintuplets were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe



"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for *you?* Doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for *our* tender skin, it must be best for *yours,* too? Well anyway, our advice is, only *Palmolive,* the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

Why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, makes complexions soft, smooth, young again

Beauty experts advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with Olive and Palm oils. That's why its lather is different—rich, soothing and penetrating. Palmolive softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive, natural color.

Why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, *different* lather help make your complexion lovelier, *younger-looking!*

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TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

All DRESSED UP AND READY TO GO

...BE SURE YOU'RE WEARING—

GLAZO'S *"Misty" Tints*

FOR that Memorable Moment... that Occasion demanding your most glamorous gown, your carefullest grooming, let one of Glazo's "Misty" nail polish colors climax your charm.

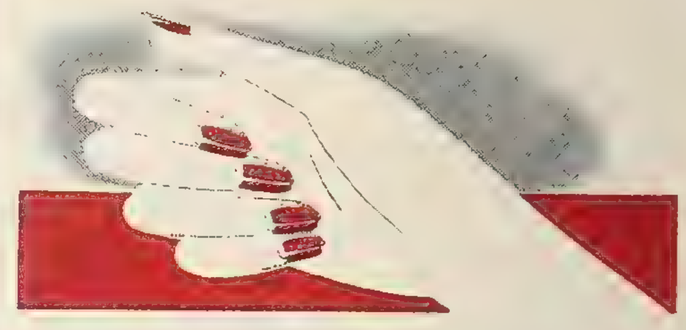
Choose one of these debonair new shades...Thistle, Old Rose, Russet and Suntan, Rust, Dahlia, Imperial Red, or Shell, Flame, Natural. Among them there are bound to be the perfect colors for *you*...to flatter your own skin-tone, to blend with your chosen fabrics.

Watch your hands bloom into new, exciting beauty! Discover how poised, how sure of yourself you feel... conscious that you are looking your loveliest. Wearing Glazo's misty, smoky tints, you're *Right to your Fingertips!*

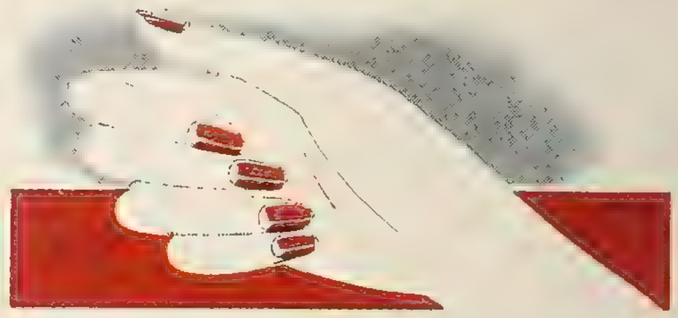
Smooth as a debutante's chatter is Glazo on the nail. Its satin lustre doesn't fade, doesn't peel. And how Glazo does solve that "thickening" nuisance! The last drop in that thrifty 25-cent bottle goes on as easily, as perfectly, as the first.



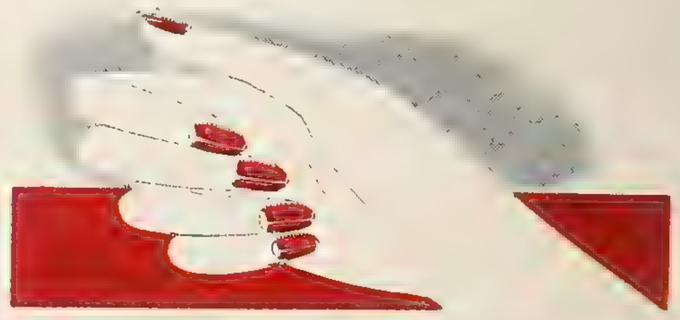
Subtle, exciting colors... and long-wearing Glazo doesn't fade or thicken!



OLD ROSE *A subtle, smoky rose. Utterly feminine and flattering. Lovely with fashion's new "off-colors," with pastels...No chipping...No peeling.*



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GLAZO *The Smart Manicure*


WALTER WINCHELL
SHOOTING MACDONALD-RAYMOND WEDDING

WEDDING BELLS • And so they

The MacDonald-Raymond wedding was colossal, terrific, stupendous! Yep, 'twas strictly a four-star production! The night was perfect—the moon rode high, the air cool and clear and the picturesque Wilshire Methodist Church a scene of beauty.

The ceremony, scheduled for nine o'clock, actually started at 9:40. Long before the organ pealed out the Wedding March, crowds thronged the streets. Police and ropes held back the curious. Photographers' bulbs popped, as Movietown's famous poured into the church.

Outside and in there were great to-dos. Airplanes and advertising blimps flew overhead, but nobody paid much attention to 'em. All eyes were fastened on the lighted church. There, in an impressively beautiful ceremony,



were married—Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond

Gene and Jeanette were saying their "I do's."

The bride wore a gown of flesh pink (her favorite color) mousseline, over a delicate pink taffeta, full sleeves, a lace collar and a tiny bouquet of flowers at her throat. Her long veil was of pink tulle; her cap was edged with flowers. She carried a gold embroidered, satin prayer book with the initials "G" and "J" embossed in the corner and was given away by her mother, Mrs. Daniel MacDonald.

All in all, it was one of Cinemaland's most spectacular events. Estimated cost of the wedding was $25,000, and the gifts almost equalled that figure again. Handsomest present was a set of solid silver plates, from the executives of Jeanette's studio. Hollywood will long remember this happy occasion!



Romantic in white ties and tails were the ushers. (L. to r.) Allan Jones, John Mack Brown, Harold Lloyd and Basil Rathbone. Most embarrassed usher was Allan—his shoes squeaked!



Irene Dunne made a gracious picture as she stepped under the bridal canopy and entered the church.

Only in fairy tales and in Hollywood do weddings

In a town noted for lovely women, there was never a lovelier bride than Jeanette. Her attendants were Ginger Rogers, Fay Wray, her sister, and Helen Ferguson. After the ceremony, the radiant bride and groom hurried down the aisle, with smiles for all.

A number of the guests delayed their departure to snatch roses from the floral decorations. Mary Pickford got one and gave it to Buddy Rogers, who put it in his pocket. So Jeanette and Gene were wed, and launched on a Honolulu honeymoon.



Nelson Eddy sang "I Love You Truly." Had to read the words. Later sang "O, Perfect Love." Read that, too.



Irene Hervey, Allan Jones' wife and Miss MacDonald's friend, was among those present. Here she is arriving at the Wilshire Church.



Looking as romantic as though they were altar-bound themselves, the Stuart Erwins appear.

like this take place. Movietown won't soon forget the happy event

Here is the idyllic home that Prince Gene has built for Princess Jeanette. It might easily be a picture out of a story book, with its gables, low sloping roof and brick chimneys. It's set in exclusive Bel-Air on a five-acre estate. Everything that a girl in love longs to realize in her dream home is found here. And may this famous couple find happiness in their modern castle.

Gene deserves a laurel wreath for keeping a secret six months! Why, he had that house bought'n and paid for all that time without Jeanette's knowing a thing about it.



BATCHING IT !

Santa Monica's sands provide a bachelor's Paradise for Randolph Scott and Cary Grant

3. The boys sprawl out for a snooze, while Old King Sol sheds his ultra-violet glamor on them.

4. Down to the sea in shorts. Cary and Randy indulge in their morning aperitif of suds. There's quite a wallop to these suds of Neptune, and all on the house, too. No hangovers, either!

1. The first dip being the hardest, Cary and Randy spar for time. They experiment with various racing dives, knowing darned well that the only thing they'll race for is a towel and a cozy place in the sun.

2. Randy's only regret is that overhead chandeliers went out with Douglas Fairbanks. "I used to be a ninety-seven pound weakling—something like Grant over there," he confides, "until I took to answering fan mail." Cary won't talk until Scott puts down that grisly double-headed sledge hammer of his.

5. At the rate the boys are loping along, Billie Robinson could beat them running backwards. "It's a dog trot," explains Cary, but it must be a pretty small dog he has in mind.

6. The end of a perfect spray. Exuberant, but not too exuberant to remember his etiquette, Cary radiates good health and cheer from the safe vantage of a bath sheet.

7. Bolder than Grant, Randy displays a physique that should answer maidens' prayers from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California.

BETWEEN SHOTS

Spencer Tracy and

Luise Rainer at work

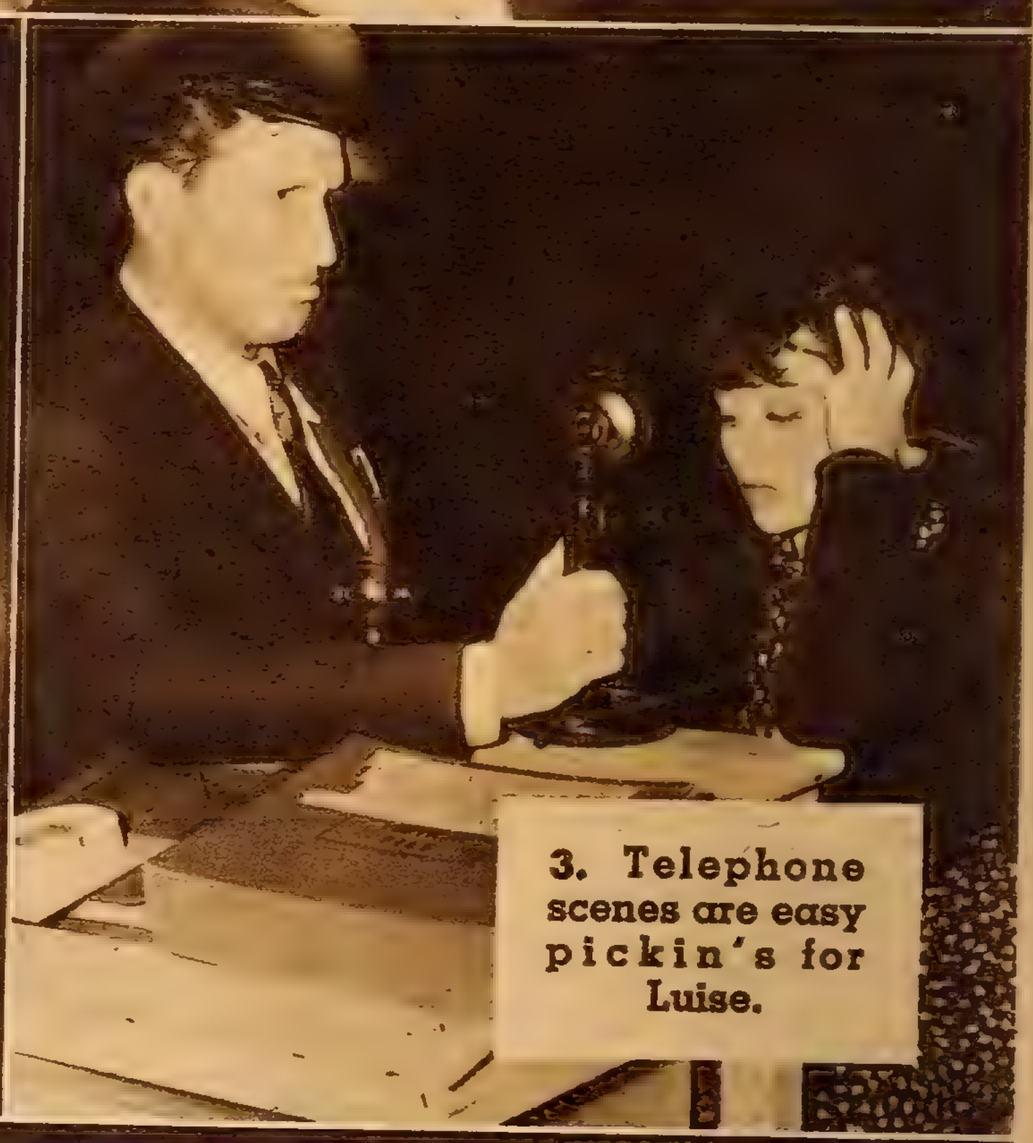
on "The Big City"



1. Spence and Luise take a last hungry look at the script.



2. Stressing details is Director Frank Borzage's business.



3. Telephone scenes are easy pickin's for Luise.



4. Spencer bones up on his homework between "takes."



5. A fruit cup and a chat mean time out for rest.



HALF HOLIDAY

The whistle blows at noon, and then the stars' fun begins

Judging from her proud gait and immaculate carriage, Tyrone's good-looking mare is just another Power fan. And is she jealous of all those other dames in his life!

Below: "Bike-riding would be a lot more fun," says Clark Gable, "if engineers would waste less time on bridges and devote a little more research to the one-way (down) hill."

Olivia de Havilland steals a few arrows from Cupid's quiver and lets fly. Ask her whom she's shootin' for, and she just smiles that knowing smile and tries her luck again.

Beau Sabreur himself, Errol Flynn likes nothing better than crossing sabers with a worthy opponent. Careful, Errol, old man. That thing's mighty sharp.









Simone Simon checked those tantrums at the door when she went a-Groving and faced the camera with her sweetest smile. Pretty nice!

What goes on

Vic McLaglen finds something swell about the food. He digs in just as if he hadn't had a movie job all these years—no waistline to worry him.

HOLLYWOOD PARTY



No marriage for Alice Faye in the near future—the fortune tellers say. But maybe Tony Martin, her steady, feels differently.



Don Ameche (r.) has quite an appetite. You'd expect that. He's a married man. But Tyrone, you in the center, we thought lovers thrived on kisses. Oh, you leave that to your Sonja?



Sally Blane and Norman Foster—dancing together as if they hadn't been married for some time now. And them with a bay-bee at home! Hollywood couples can fool you.

here? A big movie shindig, with lots of dining and dancing

Fun for all and all for fun. A slim Katherine DeMille—she's been dieting, ya know—teams up for a dance with that bachelor boy, Michael Whalen, and (right) Dixie Dunbar does ditto with ditto Johnny Downs.

With or without the posy in her hair, Loretta Young is some looker for a fellow to take dining and dancing. She's in big demand as a stepper-outer. David Niven is her proud escort.





PRACTICE BOUT

"Nothing like tuning up," says Kid Galahad, neatly knocking Bogart's block off



1. Introducing "Killer" Wayne Morris and "Bad Boy" Humphrey Bogart.



2. Wayne doesn't cotton to the stranger, but doesn't want to hit him barefisted.



3. He's afraid of smashing a handful of knuckles when he lets fly that Sunday punch.

4. Well, if that ain't gratitude for yuh! Lacing de gent what laces your gloves!

5. In just a second "Bad Boy" Bogart will see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.







1. The march to liberty gets underway. Joan appears in the courtroom on the arm of her legal adviser.



2. "Mental cruelty," explains Miss Bennett to the gentleman, as her sympathetic witness bears mute testimony.

3. Getting a divorce from a man you once loved is no lark. Joan looks a bit wistful as she takes the stand.

4. Joan spends her last moments of wedded life telling a sympathetic attorney what's wrong with matrimony.







5. Free as the air, Joan primps up for the photographers.

UNTYING THE KNOT

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, once Hollywood's "happiest" pair, agree to disagree

GOOD N

By Leo To



Happy? You just bet! There's no fake about the Myrna Loy Hornblow smile as she goes premiering with proud hubby.



Bachelor girls for the day! Pretty Joan Bennett and long-distance-wed Ann Sothern at the polo matches.

Battle of the month in Hollywood is the Hepburn-Rogers affair. Both girls weighed in about even on the set of "Stage Door," in which they're being co-starred, and Kid Hepburn won the first round when she announced, "It's so nice having Miss Rogers to play the ingenue in my new picture." She forgot skill and started tossing punches right and left, though, when she got a glimpse of some of the gowns "Killer" Rogers was allotted. Hepburn complained to the referee that this was foul tactics, but Rogers held her ground and plans to match her opponent gown for gown. Fight experts predict a knockout along about the seventh reel.

Ever heard of a stand-in for a stand-in? We hadn't either until we wandered onto the set of Marlene Dietrich's "Angel" one day, and saw a blonde young lady standing under the glare of lights in front of the camera. "Is that Miss Dietrich's stand-in?" we asked. "No," replied our informant, "that's her stand-in's stand-in." Reason, it turned out, was that they were making the picture on two sets, and Miss Dietrich at that moment was finishing a scene somewhere else, before rushing over to the set we were on. Just the same, it was pretty confusing.



Shortest vacation of the year was Bob Taylor's trip to Hawaii. After cameramen recorded for posterity his fond farewell to Barbara Stanwyck, the screen's foremost exponent of masculine glamor boarded ship for what was intended to be several weeks of luxurious solitude on the Islands. But Mr. T. reckoned without his public. Aboard ship, his every appearance was accompanied by feminine sighs, which rocked the boat and wrecked our poor hero's composure. Landing at Hawaii, the situation grew more tense, so next day Bob grabbed the same boat and sailed back to peaceful old Hollywood, where a man with a profile isn't regarded as quite such a collector's item.

June Lang's marriage to Agent Vic Orsatti was one of the social highlights of the month. Bridesmaids were Alice Faye, Claire Trevor and Shirley Deane, and Joseph Schenck gave the little lady away. Several months ago, June's mother opposed the match. She was of the opinion that agents were all right in their place, but that their place wasn't in the home. But June convinced her it was love, so parental objections were dropped and Mamma gave her blessing. The Orsattis, incidentally, probably took second billing on their honeymoon, for they sailed on the same boat with Bob Taylor.

Questions without Answers: What singing star wishes Sonja Henie would pack up her skates and return to her native fjords for kjeeps? It isn't that she doesn't like Sonja. She does—but she thinks Tyrone Power is much nicer.

Now that good old Buck Jones has left his studio and gone to produce his own open-air epics, his former bosses have unearthed a new Western hero whom they hope will soon thrill the customers in the same manner that Buck did. The new hopeful is a singing cowboy from Oklahoma, with the beautiful name of Leland Tumble Weed. Unfortunately, the studio has shorn him of this ornate

Lights! Camera! And a brilliant whirl of early autumn action

NEWS

Townsend



A-Troc'ing we shall go, said Robert Taylor to his constant flame, Barbara Stanwyck. Sure 'nuff, they did.

handle and given him the more prosaic tag of Bob Baker. We'd much prefer a hard-ridin' Romeo named Leland.

■ ■ ■

When the road tour of "Idiot's Delight" hit Los Angeles, Clark Gable took Carole Lombard backstage to meet Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. After the introductions, Miss Fontanne turned to Carole. "You're English, aren't you?" she asked. "Well, no," replied Carole. Miss F., hungry for knowledge, pressed on. "Tell me," she asked. "just what do you do?" Carole still wonders if she ought to tell her.

■ ■ ■

Love in Bloom Department: Along about this time of the year—what we call the slack season—producers are coaxed into admitting that next year's pictures will be the greatest of all time, and Marlene Dietrich announces that, in spite of the fact that she's seen here and there with numerous swains, she's still madly in love with her husband, who spends most of his time in Paris. What Marlene probably means is that she's heard so much about him, she'd like to meet him some time.

■ ■ ■

One thing certain, however, is Marlene's regard for her daughter, Maria. When Marlene is working and Maria is going out to a party, the little girl is always brought onto the set by her nurse. It's really something to see glamorous Marlene, in make-up, and bedecked with jewels, stop work to comb and pat Maria's hair and fuss over her dress, before she gives her final approval.



"Idiot's Delight" brought Hollywood's swank ones out in droves. Of course, Dietrich was right there with Doug F., Jr.

Embarrassing Moments Dept.: At a party, recently, when the spirits in the front room were high and those in the kitchen getting low, Grace Moore decided it was time to depart. Locating her wrap in one of the upstairs bedrooms, she reached for it and found herself clutching the posterior of one of the lady guests. The lady in question had quietly passed out, under Gracie's coat!

■ ■ ■



Just found out why Claudette Colbert is always seen entering previews all by herself. She really isn't alone at all. Her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, waits in the parking lot until Mrs. P. has made her entrance. Then he dashes up to the box office, buys a ticket and meets her inside. Somebody must have called him Dr. Colbert.

■ ■ ■

Deanna Durbin is a cute kid and all that, but she's certainly no business woman. For instance, she gets autographs from picture celebrities, but not for herself. She hands them out to her neighborhood friends. Right now, the big demand is for signatures of Adolphe Menjou, with whom she worked in "100 Men and a Girl." And a good Menjou, every one knows, is worth at least an ice-cream soda.

■ ■ ■

Hollywood is such a small town that every once in awhile a guy might even find himself with his estranged wife plunked on his lap. That's what almost happened to Charlie Butterworth the other night in the Troc cellar. Charlie was sitting with Frank Morgan and Bob

whichever way you turn! Yes, in our merry, madcap Movietown



Benchley when Mrs. Butterworth, accompanied by four gentlemen, came in and seated herself in the next booth. They were so close they could have reached right out and socked each other.

Director William Seiter was giving instructions to the two hundred dancers in a ballroom scene for "The Life of the Party." "All right now, girls," he yelled, after a couple of takes, "let's have lots of personality, this time, in the front row. Just be yourself, if you're in the back rows."

Shirley Temple had her first serious accident on the set the other day when she tripped over a light cord and fell kerplunk, hitting one eye on a camera pedestal. The eye began swelling immediately, but after one good sniffle, Shirley said to the director, "Okay, let's go. You can shoot me from the other side."

A last minute change in the "Danger—Love at Work" cast was made when Simone Simon was replaced by Ann Sothern in the leading role. Although temperament is said to have nothing to do with it, we understand the title has now been changed, too. It's just "Love at Work."

Here's some inside stuff on "Lovely to Look at," the new Henie picture. Seven hundred gallons of skimmed milk are in the title role, for it's been found that frozen milk makes a better skating surface than frozen water, since the miles of refrigerating pipes are then hidden from the camera's eye. And it's much better for Sonja, too. She'd rather skate on her vitamins than imbibe them.

"Love Under Fire" was completed some weeks ago, but we were surprised to find the company working on retakes the other day. "Too much fire and not enough love," explained Don Ameche.

Among the sets built for the picture, "Super Sleuth," featuring Ann Sothern and Jack Oakie, was a "Chamber of Horrors." In it were all manner of gruesome torture contrivances, such as the rack, thumbscrews, dungeons, iron cages, and an exact replica of an electric chair. The company was having difficulty with some lines in the script for this scene, when the director turned to Oakie. "Haven't

(*Continued on page 70*)

Binnie Barnes knows the shortest route to a man's affections is to laugh at his gags, and she's in rare form for this drollest of Mischa Auer's tall stories.

"Yeah Man" Raye will have you know that beneath her clown's spangles there beats a girlish heart—beating right smartly these days for handsome Hubby Buddy Westmore.



Groom Bill Boyd and Bride Grace Bradley are still in the hand-holding stage, which means that Cupid won't be letting them down.



After 14 Day Evaporation Test

8 popular brands of polish became thick and gummy, evaporated 35% to 60%, while the NEW Cutex Polish stayed smooth flowing, as easy to apply as ever!



Do You Lose ⅓ to ½ of Your Nail Polish *By Evaporation?*



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To prove it, we deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish . . . two of our New Cutex and eight popular rival brands —and let their contents stay exposed to the air for 14 days.

Only the New Cutex stood the test! All the rest became thick and gummy. But the New Cutex evaporated less than half as much as the competitive brands. After 14 days, it still went on the nails as smooth as glass, free flowing . . . just right!

Think what a saving this means! A saving not only of money, but of annoyance. Add to this Cutex's longer wear, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its fine lacquer, its 11 smart shades . . . and you can't wonder that women everywhere are refusing to put up with ordinary wasteful polishes any longer.

And besides giving you twice as much for *your* money, Cutex costs so little to begin with! The New Cutex is still the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear.

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MAUVE—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray or delicate evening pastels.

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I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Burgundy ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

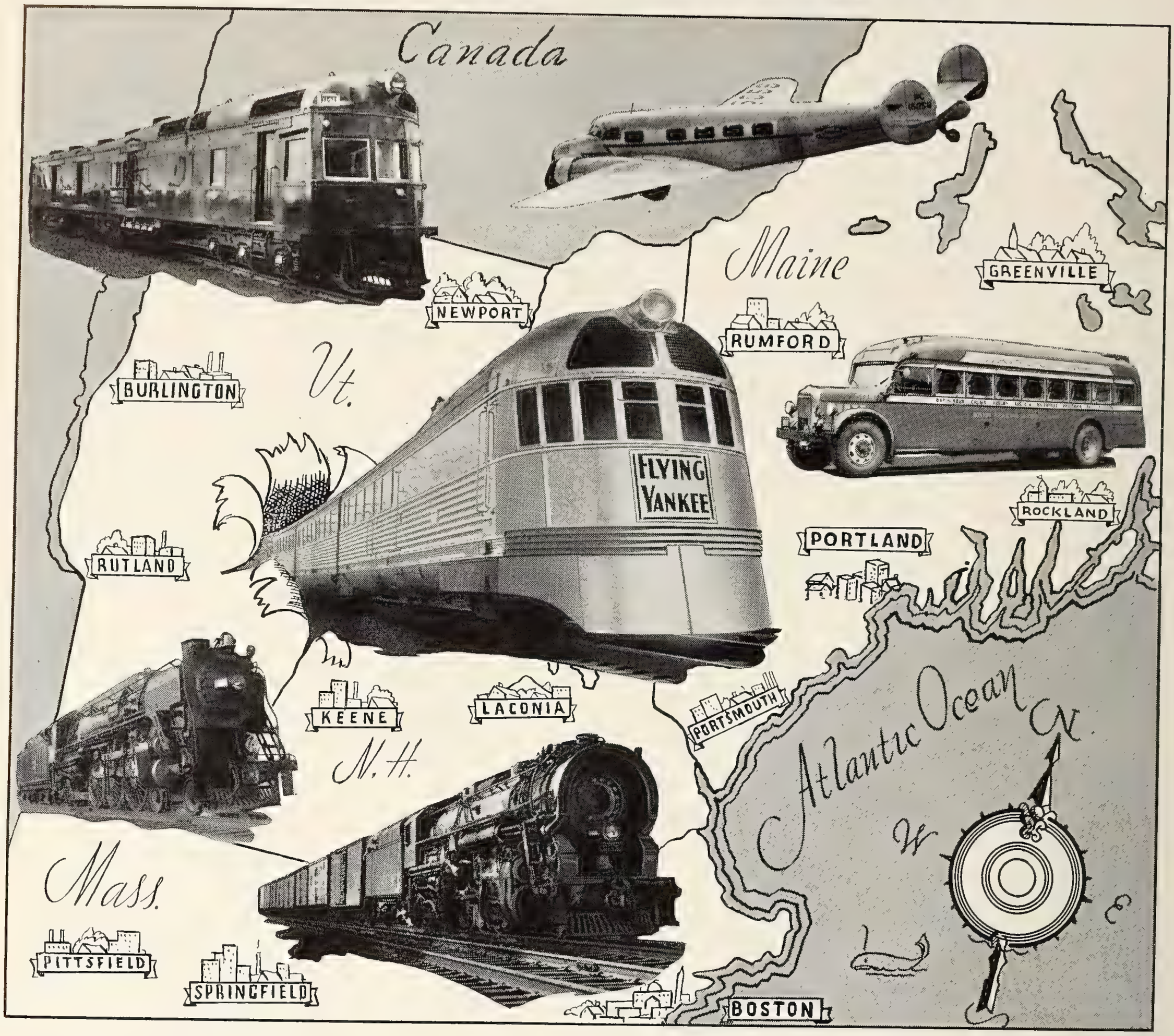
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HER DAY OFF!

● Many a Movie Miss spends her day off at the tennis matches. But not Barbara Read! For, though Noah Beery, Jr. may be in her heart, gardening's on her mind.

● It is hard to believe that this lovely little lady, wheeling her barrow to the bush-shearing department, is the girl who plays the meanie in "The Road Back." Anyway, on to her plant-sprinkling and, finally, we see Barbara as mistress of all she surveys!







A Food Children Love—Good for them—Easy for you!

—and costs only 3¢ a portion!

WOMEN bought millions upon millions of cans of Franco-American Spaghetti last year, because they found out that it was one of the greatest time and money savers that ever came into their kitchens! For example, there's no finer lunch or supper for school children than Franco-American, served piping hot, with milk and fruit. For dinner serve Franco-American as a main dish, or use it to make left-overs taste like a million dollars. It usually costs only 10¢ a can—less than 3¢ a portion.

Be sure, however, that you get Franco-American Spaghetti—the kind with the extra good sauce. It's entirely different from all other ready-cooked spaghetti. Its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce is made with eleven savory ingredients—the secret recipe which was the great discovery of a famous French chef. Get Franco-American today at your grocers—it will save you no end of time and trouble.

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Nelson Eddy's Favorite Recipes

(Continued from page 73)

GARDEN PEAS TOURAINE

Shell 2 pounds of peas and place them in a heavy, waterless cooker or Dutch oven. Add ¼ cup water, 2 tablespoons butter or vegetable oil, a teaspoon sugar, a small, mild white onion, sliced thin, and a pinch of thyme. Cover peas with the outside leaves of a head of lettuce. Cover cooker with a tight-fitting lid and simmer peas until tender, stirring occasionally. When tender, season with salt and pepper to taste. Dredge with 2 teaspoons flour, cook and stir until smoothly blended. Serve very hot.

SEAFOOD COCKTAIL (OR SALAD) SAUCE

⅓ cup mayonnaise
⅓ cup bottled seafood cocktail sauce
⅓ cup cream, whipped
¼ teaspoon paprika

Mix mayonnaise and cocktail sauce. Fold into stiffly whipped cream. Add paprika. Serve as a sauce for Seafood Cocktails or as a dressing for fish salads.

A delicious and healthful Seafood Cocktail or appetizing summer salad can be made entirely of canned fish. It should include large pieces of salmon, a few shrimps and some shredded crabmeat for each serving. Place on lettuce leaves, top with the above sauce and serve icy cold.

AVOCADO GINGERALE SALAD

2 tablespoons gelatin
½ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ cups pale dry ginger ale
½ cup pineapple juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup pineapple tidbits
1 avocado, peeled and diced
½ cup halved, seedless (or seeded) white grapes, if desired

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and salt. Stir until sugar has dissolved, then add gingerale, pineapple juice and lemon juice. Chill until mixture starts to thicken. Fold in pineapple tidbits and the avocado (alligator pear) which has been diced into small, even pieces. If desired, white grapes may also be added. Turn into small molds which have been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. Unfold onto lettuce leaves and pass mayonnaise separately.

This salad may be molded in the cups of a muffin pan. It will then make approximately 12 servings and therefore is ideal for bridge parties and social gatherings. The recipe may be divided in half for family use.

SALAMI POTATO SALAD PLATTER

3 medium sized potatoes
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
6 tablespoons salad oil
1 tablespoon minced parsley
½ cup finely diced salami

Cook potatoes with their skins on until tender (but not mushy). Drain and allow to stand until just cool enough to handle. Peel quickly, dice into small pieces. While still warm, add dressing made by combining salt, pepper, sugar, vinegar and oil in a jar with a tight-fitting cover and shaking well. Stir the potatoes lightly until well coated with dressing. Chill for at least an hour. Just before serving, add parsley and diced salami. Mayonnaise may also be added or passed separately. Place Potato Salad in a lettuce-lined bowl. Place salad bowl in the center of a large serving platter. Surround with cold sliced meats. On one side of platter place a green pepper, hollowed-out and filled with prepared horseradish. On the other side place a hollowed-out tomato, filled with prepared mustard. Garnish platter and bowl with sprigs of parsley. Sliced or quartered tomatoes also make an attractive garnish.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

¼ cup butter
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 small can (9-oz.) sliced pineapple

Cake Batter

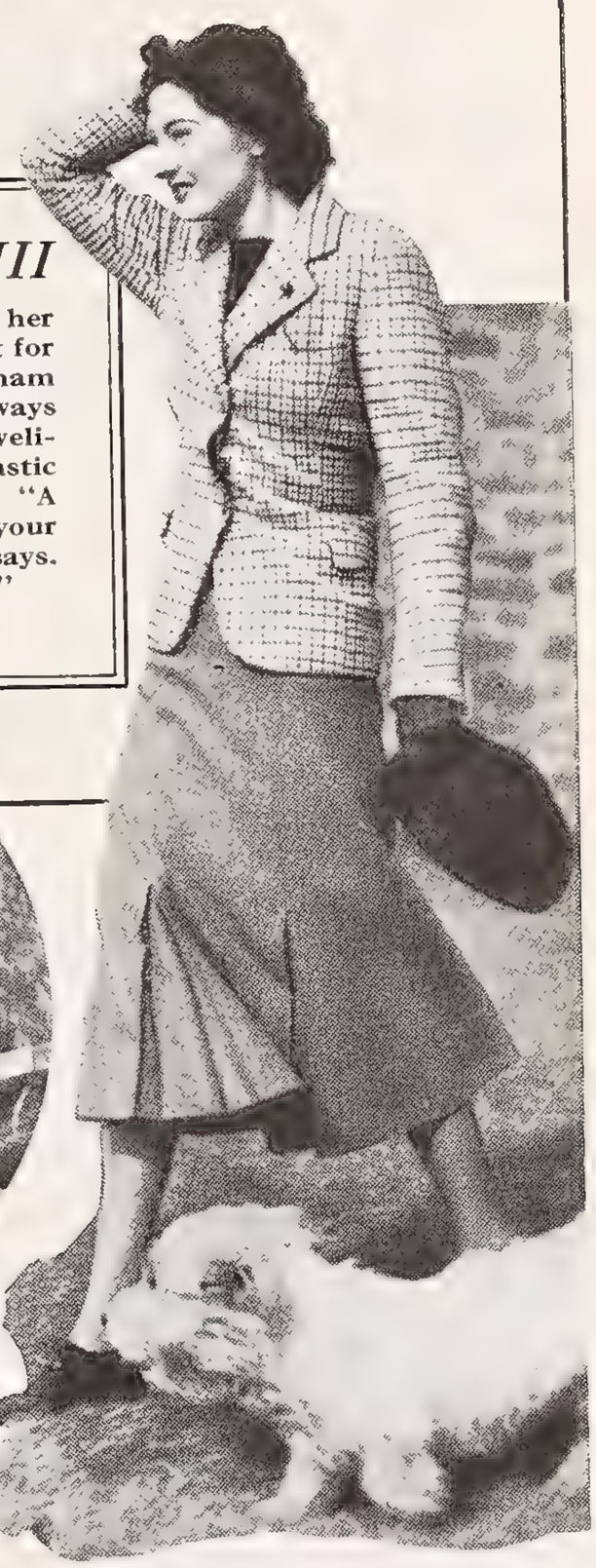
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons boiling water
1 cup sifted cake flour

Melt butter in large iron skillet or in a cake pan at least 9 inches across and 2 inches deep. Add brown sugar and stir until sugar has melted. Carefully place a slice of well drained pineapple in the center. Surround this slice with other slices which have been quartered, arranging them attractively to form a design. Break eggs into a bowl and beat with rotary beater until thick, lemon colored and frothy. Add sugar gradually, then add salt, vanilla and boiling water. Add flour which has been sifted, measured and sifted again twice, folding it in gently but thoroughly so that no dry flour remains. Pour this batter carefully over contents of pan or skillet. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes or until cake is done and a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Loosen sides of cake from pan and invert at once onto large serving platter. Better served hot, but also excellent cold. Pass whipped cream, separately.

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Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

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For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

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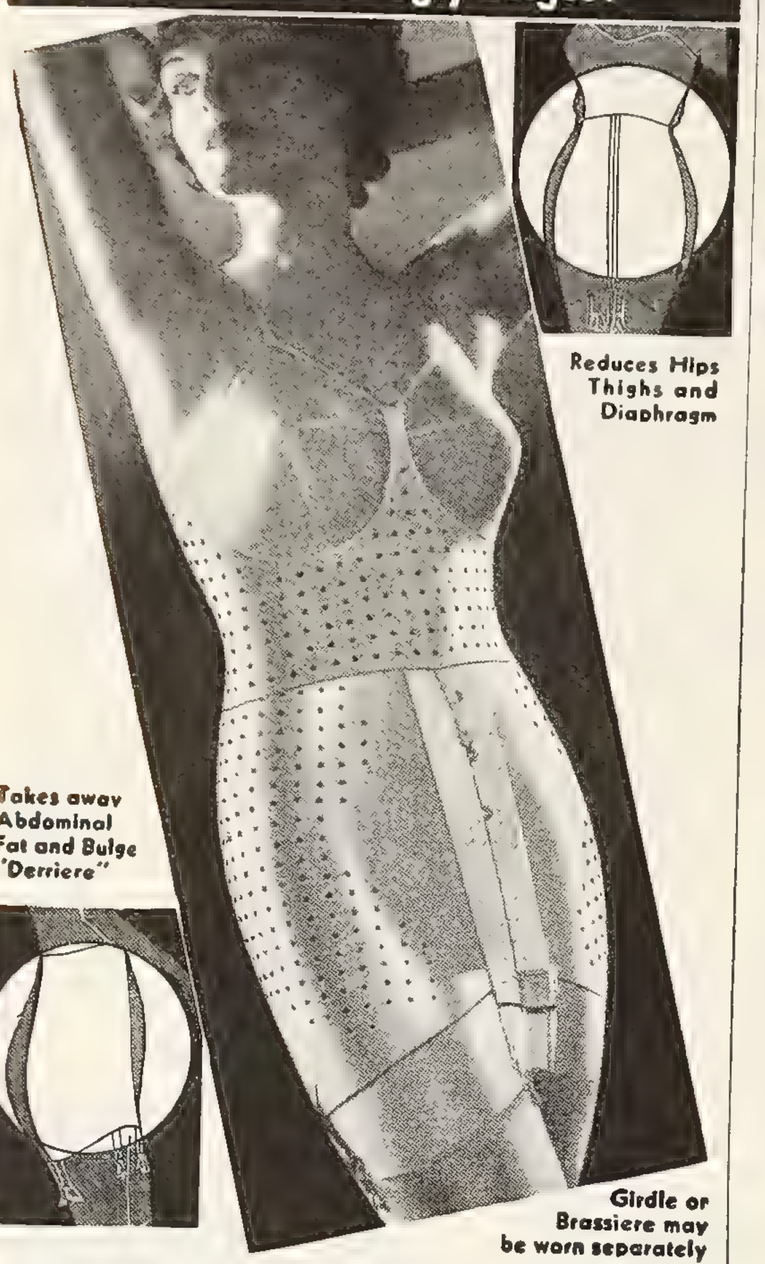
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IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the massage-like action and gentle pressure are *actually reducing* hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm . . . the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY . . . QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely . . . and quickly!

You risk nothing . . . why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 539, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

KNIT NOW FOR FALL!

Busy needles these days will bring you endless satisfaction later on





BM 1007—Nubbybolero yarn gives this simple dress its fashionable texture.

BW 101—Vertical lines give an illusion of slimness to this sweater.

ONE of the nicest phases of knitting is that you can be speeding ahead on a knockout Autumn outfit while you are still lolling languorously on a porch enjoying Summer. Knitting takes no energy at all and very little skill, for the directions which we have prepared for you are so simple they are foolproof. Perhaps the best feature about knitting right now is that advance Paris showings stress rough-textured and ribbed fabrics—and here we have them all ready for you.

FILL OUT the coupon, get set with your needles, and you will be wearing the newest styles by the time shops start introducing them in your town. Both the sweater and the dress boast the sleek, softly-molded new lines that are so popular. Of course, you know that the knitting directions are free.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for Style BW 101 in size.... Style BM 1007 in size.... I am enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....**State**.....

(Check one or both patterns. No Canadian or foreign stamps accepted. Please print name and address.)

"This snapshot fixed everything"



"WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow —you must take Today

• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"— clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



KATHERINE *de Mille*
TESTS 2 TALCUMS



See vivacious KATHERINE DE MILLE in "The Californian"—20th Century-Fox

Finds "X" More Flattering

Katherine de Mille tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented*. Other lovely stars choose "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented*.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

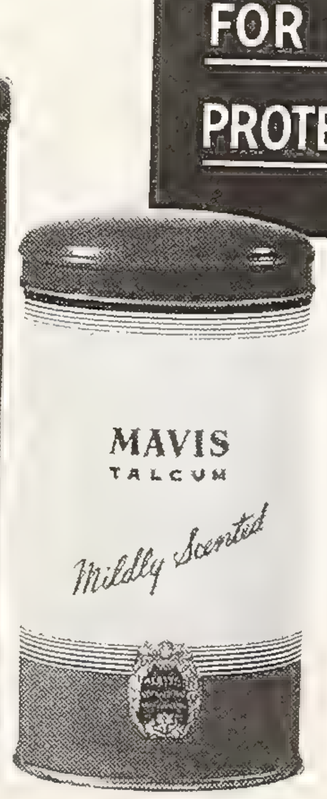
FREE Generous size trial package. *Ask for either regular or mildly scented MAVIS.* Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 62, Long Island City, N.Y. Offer not good after Sept. 25. Get your FREE MAVIS now!

Finer Than Most Face Powders

#1 Original MAVIS

MAVIS FOR BODY PROTECTION





#2 New MAVIS Mildly Scented

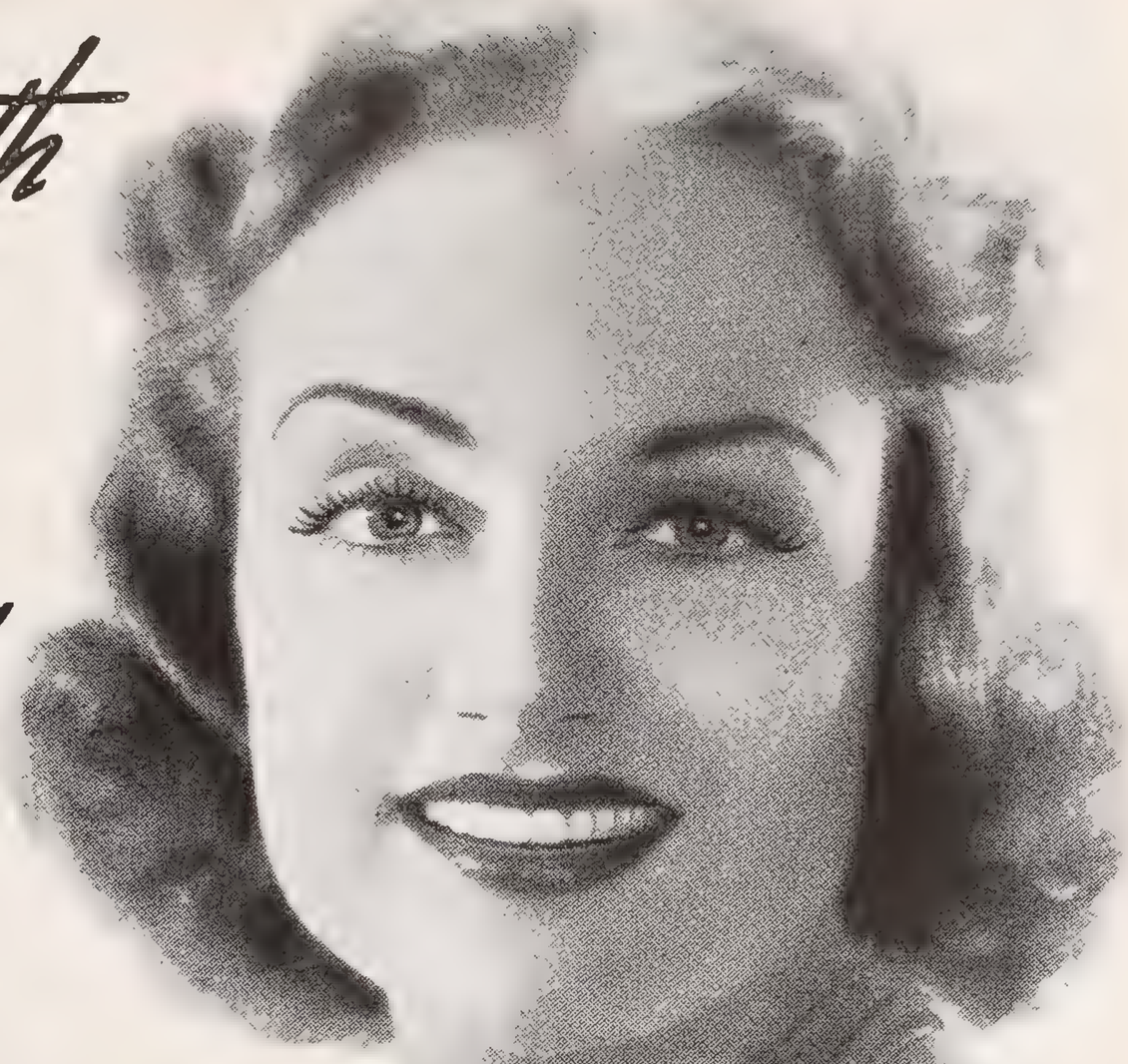
MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Angel's Holiday (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Any Man's Wife (Republic)	2★
*Armored Car (Universal)	1★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star is Born (United Artists)	4★
Bank Alarm (Grand National)	2½★
Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
The Beloved Vagabond (Columbia)	1½★
Beware of Ladies (Republic)	1½★
Big Business (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Borderland (Paramount)	2★
Breezing Home (Universal)	1★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)	2★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Camille (M-G-M)	4★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Champagne Waltz (Paramount)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
China Passage (RKO)	2★
Clarence (Paramount)	1★
The Crime Nobody Saw (Paramount)	1★
Damaged Lives (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
Dangerous Number (M-G-M)	2★
A Day at the Races (M-G-M)	3½★
*The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil's Playground (Columbia)	2★
A Doctor's Diary (Paramount)	2★
Don't Pull Your Punches (Warners)	1★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
*The Emperor's Candlesticks (M-G-M)	1★
Espionage (M-G-M)	2★
Ever Since Eve (Warners)	1★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2½★
Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Fire Over England (London Films)	3★
The Girl from Scotland Yard (Paramount)	2★
The Girl on the Front Page (Universal)	1★
Girl Overboard (Universal)	2★
The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
Golden Arrow (First National)	2½★
The Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
*The Great Gambini (Paramount)	1★
Green Light (First Nat'l)	2½★
Head Over Heels in Love (GB)	2★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
History Is Made at Night (Walter Wanger)	3★
The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Holy Terror (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
House of Secrets (Chesterfield)	1½★
I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	3½★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
*It Could Happen to You (Republic)	1★
Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
John Meade's Woman (Paramount)	2½★
Kid Galahad (Warners)	3½★
Kidnapped in Shanghai (Republic)	2★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)	3★
The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount)	2½★
Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Maid of Salem (Paramount)	3★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
A Man Betrayed (Republic)	2★
Man of Affairs (GB)	2½★
The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
Man of the People (M-G-M)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
*Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	3★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
*Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★
*Midnight Madonna (Paramount)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Mighty Treve (Universal)	1★
Mind Your Own Business (Paramount	2★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Mountain Music (Paramount)	2★
Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Mysterious Crossing (Universal)	1½★
Nancy Steele is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
*New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	3★
Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1½★
One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
Outcasts of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Park Avenue Logger (RKO)	2★
Parnell (M-G-M)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Penrod and Sam (Warners)	2★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Plainsman (Paramount)	4★
The Plough and the Stars (RKO)	3★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racing Lady (RKO)	2★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Riding on Air	2½★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Romance and Riches (Grand National)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance? (RKO)	3★
She's Dangerous (Universal)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing and Be Happy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Sing Me a Love Song (First National)	3★
Sinner Take All (M-G-M)	2½★
Slave Ship (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Slim (Warners)	3★
Smart Blonde (Warners)	1★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Step Lively Jeeves (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Stolen Holiday (Warners)	2½★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
*Sweetheart of the Navy (Grand National)	1★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
*Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
That Girl From Paris (RKO)	3★
That I May Live (20th Century-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
*Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
*They Won't Forget (Warners)	2★
This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under Cover of Night (M-G-M)	2★
Under the Red Robe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Walking on Air (RKO)	2★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
*Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
We're on the Jury (RKO)	2★
We Who Are About to Die (RKO)	3★
When Love Is Young (Universal)	3★
When Thief Meets Thief (United Artists)	2★
When's Your Birthday? (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO)	1★
*Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wings Over Honolulu (Universal)	2½★
The Woman Alone (GB)	3★
Woman Chases Man (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
Woman in Distress (Columbia)	1½★
Woman Wise (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Women of Glamour (Columbia)	2★
You Can't Beat Love (RKO)	1★
You Only Live Once (United Artists)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

"My Beauty Bath leaves me marvelously refreshed—"





Hollywood's Beauty Bath protects daintiness . . .

EVERY GIRL knows how important it is to keep skin *sweet*. It's only then you can be sure you are attractive! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, frees them of stale perspiration, every hidden trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin *thoroughly* clean.

You'll find this quick beauty bath refreshing, too—a wonderful pick-me-up before your evening date. Why not try it?

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

YOUR FIRST STEP TO *Glamour*



STEP from your bath into a glorious shower of DJER-KISS TALC. All through the day this soft, downy film with its tantalizing Parisian fragrance will cling tenderly to your satin-smooth skin . . . safeguarding personal daintiness . . . lending you glamorous allure and captivating charm.

Utmost quality and value in the green Djer-Kiss container. Three sizes — economical jumbo and medium sizes at drug or department stores; new, large 10c size at all ten-cent stores.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

Good News

(*Continued from page 60*)

you any hot ideas for this?" he asked. "Hold everything!" cried Jack, rushing over to seat himself in the last-named article of torture. "I'll have one for you in a minute."

■ ■ ■

Jane Withers is little Princess Elizabeth's most rabid fan. So her mother bought her a book on the Royal Family and let Jane read it by herself. A few days later, Mrs Withers took Jane to a preview and was amazed to hear her unspoiled daughter quote the Princess. "Don't you think I really should stand up for a minute?" Jane asked her mother. "Surely all these people would like to see me."

■ ■ ■

Arthur Treacher has a definite domestic streak, and for some time has been wanting to buy a house for himself. The other day he ran across a place that looked ideal—small, attractive gardens, and just $7,500. But that was before he had talked a few minutes to the agent, whose eyes suddenly lit up. "Are you ARTHUR Treacher?" he asked, and upon Treacher admitting it, the agent said, "The property *complete* is $8,500, Mr. Treacher. That, you see, includes the garage."

■ ■ ■

Gregory Ratoff, who was hired under a writer-actor-director contract, is now directing his first picture. To say that Gregory is something new in directors is putting it mildly. He practically has everyone in the cast on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Ratoff loves his superlatives and, after a scene, came up to Dolores Del Rio, wildly gesticulating, "Wonderful! Marvelous! Gorgeous! Simply gorgeous, Miss Del Rio, that scene!" Then, lowering his voice to a quiet scream, "But here's the way you should have done it."

■ ■ ■

And Peter Lorre, also in the picture, came wearily into the studio barber shop one day and lowered himself into a chair. "Well, Mr. Lorre," said the barber brightly, "how's everything going? And how's Mr. Ratoff?" "He seems to be feeling all right," said Mr. Lorre. "Not a sign of a breakdown yet," he added, with a sad shake of his head.

■ ■ ■

Those chronic honeymooners, according to their publicity department, are now going to take off on another jaunt. This time it will be a trailer trip for the Dick Powells. They plan to spend three weeks in the North Woods, this month, and hope to get the trailer sneaked out of town before the studio can paint "Gold Diggers of 1938" on it.

■ ■ ■

And it seems that ever since this trailer vogue started, Miriam Hopkins has been dying to see the country in that fashion. So when Director Anatole Litvak's birthday rolled around recently, she made him a gift of one. But our spies report that it's not equipped with honeymoon accommodations.

■ ■ ■

Just to show you the influence of radio on the young, or something, here's a little item concerning Cecil B. DeMille, who has lately been adding to his income from producing epics by acting as master of ceremonies on that big weekly air show. The other day, his small grandson was visiting on a DeMille set, when a kindly old lady engaged him in conversation. Peter explained that he was visiting his grandfather. Pointing out C. B., he said, "That's my grandfather, Mr. DeMille. He sells soap."

■ ■ ■

Bing Crosby ordered up a pony the other day for Gary Evan, heir apparent to the Crosby estates. When the pony, resplendent in a hand-carved saddle, was brought around to the Crosby home, Gary waxed enthusiastic. "Say, Dad," he asked, "can this one run backwards like the men say the rest of your horses do?" Either Bing's friends have been talking, or Gary is up on the news from papa's race-track.

■ ■ ■

There's an unconfirmed rumor about town that during the shooting of "Stage Door," Katie Hepburn did her week-end relaxing at a resort in Carmel, with Howard Hughes as her companion. All of which revives the romantic rumors which once hovered about this pair. Mr. H., if you remember, was once seen about quite frequently with Ginger Rogers, who's playing opposite—and we mean opposite—Hepburn in "Stage Door."

■ ■ ■

Want to know how Marlene Dietrich keeps her well known figure so well known? Her secret is a diet of tomato juice and hard-boiled eggs, three times every week. Give it a try, girls, and if you don't come out looking like Marlene, don't sue US. We're only telling you. Of course, Miss D. was not exactly an ugly duckling even back in the days when her diet consisted of Wiener Schnitzel and Pfannekuchen.

■ ■ ■

Here's a little story about Mae West you might like to know. Out on Ventura Boulevard, near Hollywood, there's a small restaurant, operated by a widow who gambled what little money she had to buy the place. It soon became noted for its food, and among its customers was Mae West. When business got good, the landlord promptly raised the rent to a point where the poor gal couldn't afford to stay in business. Miss W. heard about it, and just as promptly bought the place herself. Now the girl's rent is lower than ever, for she pays only enough to cover the taxes.

■ ■ ■

For "First Lady," the cast includes Kay Francis, Anita Louise, Verree Teasdale, Marjorie Gateson and Marjorie Rambeau, among others. We could hardly wait to get out on the set to see what all these glamor girls were up to. It developed they were up to just what the gals back in Oshkosh go in for—sewing circles. Everyone of them was either hemming towels, embroidering linens or doing drawnwork. And, with chairs drawn into a close circle, they were gossiping away like mad—not about movies, but about the high cost of housekeeping, the newest gadgets to lighten the task of the housewife and similar de-glamored topics. According to the men on the set, the girls haven't wasted a minute on any of them.

■ ■ ■

They even have exclusively feminine luncheons, staring coldly at any man who looks like he might draw up a chair to their reserved table in the commissary. And each day, one of the girls brings a dish she's cooked with her own hands. To date, Kay Francis has turned up with fried chicken, Verree Teasdale with a couple of cocoanut cakes. Marjorie Gateson brought her special lemon pie one day, and Anita Louise caused the biggest furore by showing up

(*Continued on page 110*)

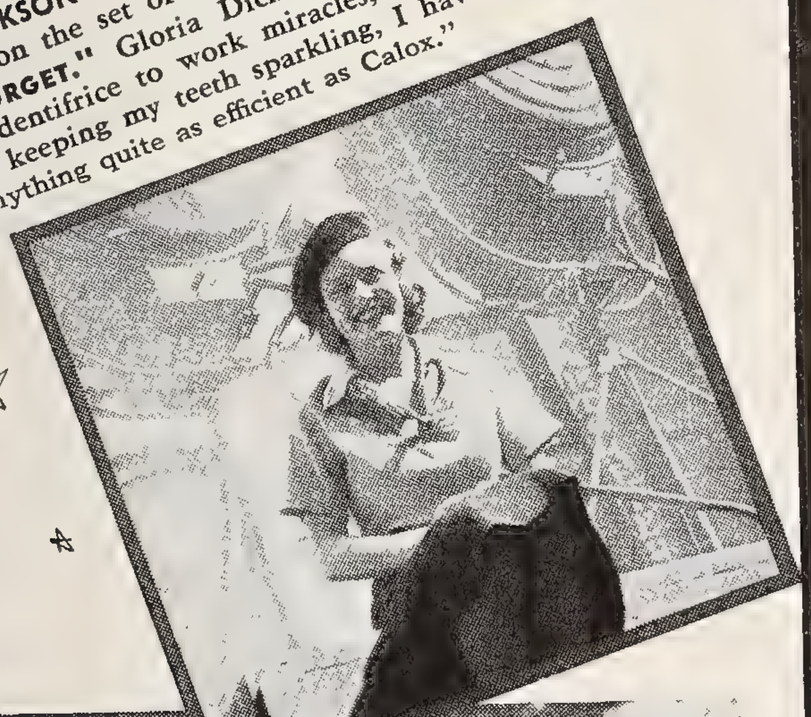
WARNER BROS.' STARS OFFICIALLY APPROVE CALOX TOOTH POWDER

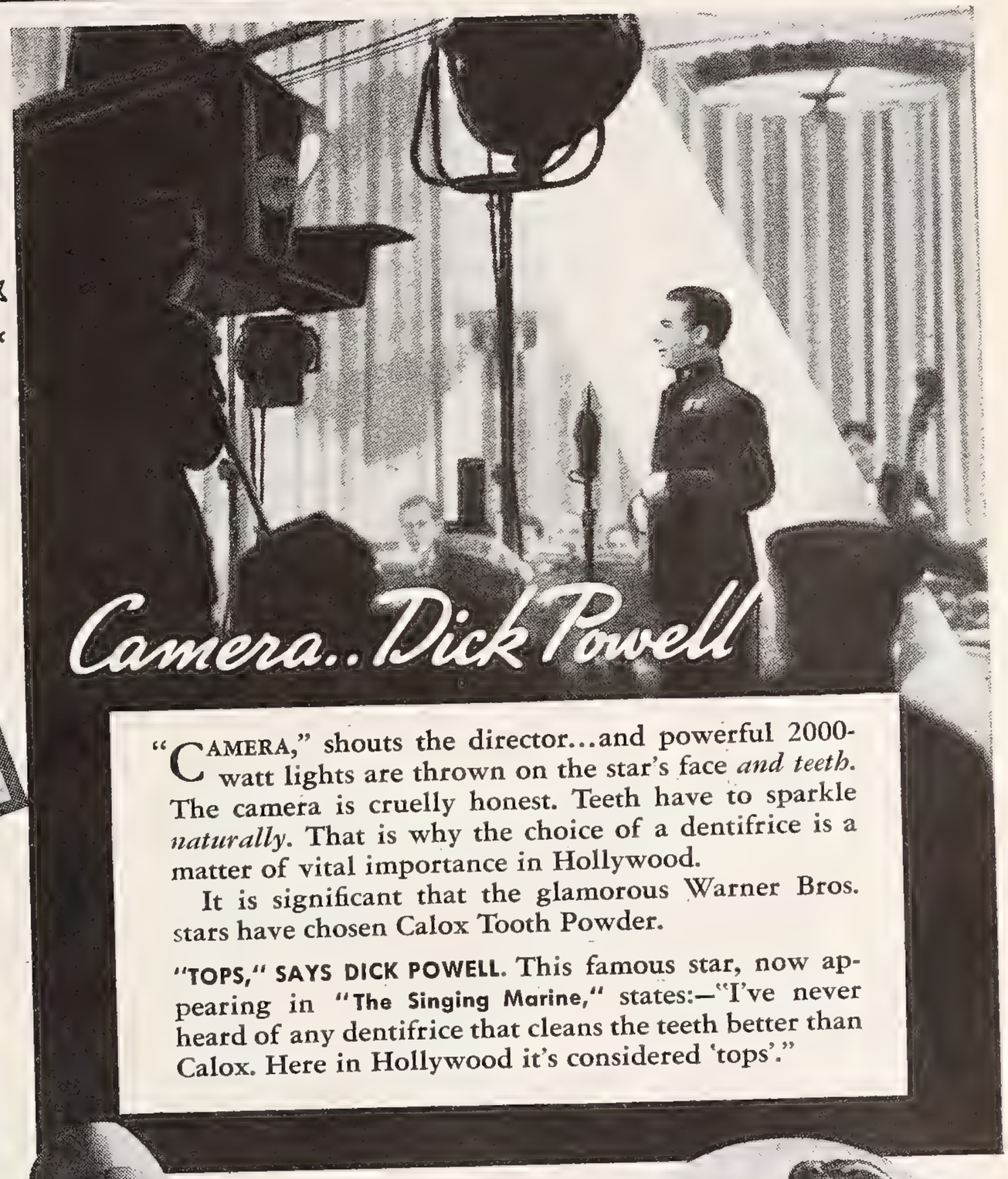
. . . show *You* the way to a "starry smile" . . . sparkling teeth



OLIVIA de HAVILLAND—"Calox has always seemed gentle and soft. And it does polish beautifully. No wonder it's so popular in Hollywood."

GLORIA DICKSON—Here is a candid camera shot of her, taken on the set of her new picture—**"THEY WON'T FORGET."** Gloria Dickson says: "I don't expect a dentifrice to work miracles, but when it comes to keeping my teeth sparkling, I have never found anything quite as efficient as Calox."





Camera.. Dick Powell

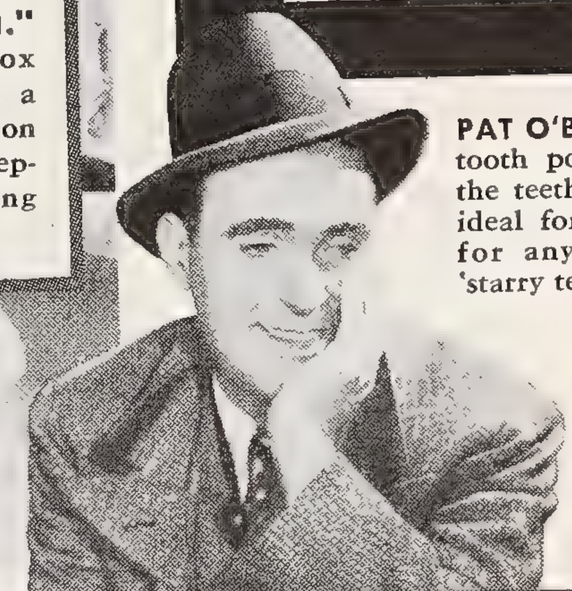
"CAMERA," shouts the director...and powerful 2000-watt lights are thrown on the star's face *and teeth*. The camera is cruelly honest. Teeth have to sparkle *naturally*. That is why the choice of a dentifrice is a matter of vital importance in Hollywood.

It is significant that the glamorous Warner Bros. stars have chosen Calox Tooth Powder.

"TOPS," SAYS DICK POWELL. This famous star, now appearing in **"The Singing Marine,"** states:—"I've never heard of any dentifrice that cleans the teeth better than Calox. Here in Hollywood it's considered 'tops'."



JOAN BLONDELL—now starring in **"BACK IN CIRCULATION."** Joan says: "Calox Tooth Powder has a wonderful reputation in Hollywood for keeping teeth sparkling and clean."



PAT O'BRIEN—"I like a tooth powder that makes the teeth glisten. Calox is ideal for screen stars—or for anyone who wants 'starry teeth'."



CALOX—for teeth that shine like the stars!

WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O. K." TO CALOX

1. **GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH.** Calox contains *five* scientifically approved cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. **DOUBLE SAFE BECAUSE IT'S . . . DOUBLE-SIFTED.** It *cannot* contain grit.
3. **RELEASES OXYGEN.** Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.
4. **MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE** by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied fine drugs to physicians and hospitals since 1833.

EDDY EDIBLES

By

Marjorie Deen

Some simply "Eddyfying" recipes, which Nelson's cook gave our Modern Hostess, are included in this article. You'll want to serve them often.



WHY DON'T you tell us what Nelson Eddy likes to eat?" many of the readers of this department have written in recently to ask me. It's a logical question, I'll admit, but up to the present time the only possible answer was that Mr. Eddy doesn't like to be interviewed on such matters. But now, at last, your Modern Hostess has accomplished the hitherto impossible job of getting this popular singing star to discuss his favorite dishes.

On any but the hottest days, if you were to ask Nelson what he likes, he'd give you a list of the most filling dishes imaginable—a substantial "man's meal," featuring Roast Beef, preceded by Borsht and always accompanied by Yorkshire Pudding. Or it might be such a repast as he was enjoying when our photographer caught him in the studio commissary. This particular luncheon consisted of Southern Fried Chicken, Hashed Browned Potatoes and a bottle of milk. But I reminded him that the foods he would recommend doubtless would be tried out by our readers in August, and then, like any sensible person, Mr. Eddy quickly revised his suggestions by discarding the more substantial fare he had first spoken about, in favor of dishes that would be more sure of a welcome in hot weather, both from the standpoint of the cook and the diner. So, instead of roasts and potatoes, pies and such, Nelson advised me to get from his cook a good vegetable recipe and some salad suggestions.

Then as a parting admonition he told me not to fail to collect from the head of the Eddy culinary department a recipe for the Pineapple Upside-Down Sponge Cake, which is a great favorite of Mr. Eddy's the year 'round. All of which suggestions I hurried to carry out, with the happy result that I am able to hand on some slick recipes to you.

Let's see, then, what Nelson, himself, likes to eat in hot weather. Well there's a special green vegetable dish—a new way to cook one of the most popular vegetables of them all, green peas. There's a substantial one-plate meal consisting of potato salad and cold cuts with special garnishes to make this simple-sounding idea evolve into something really pretty special.

There's a flavorsome Seafood



Courtesy Swift & Co.

Nelson's favorite one-plate dish of salad and cold cuts.

Why not pep up your summer meals with dishes Nelson Eddy dotes on?

Cocktail Sauce that turns out to be quite as good when used as a salad dressing as it is when served with the first-course cocktail. Be sure to try it even if you cannot get fresh seafood, because it's equally good with the canned variety. And now that we have come to recognize the existence of a so-called "goiter-belt," we realize more than ever before the value, in the diets of inland inhabitants, of seafoods with their high iodine content, which act as an anti-goiter aid. Canned seafoods, such as salmon and tuna, also add the feature of economy to their other qualities. I cannot imagine a more welcome, more easily prepared, or more tempting dish on a hot day than a good Salmon Salad, and served with Nelson Eddy's favorite sauce, it becomes something to rave about.

There is also a molded Gelatin Salad recipe on page 64. If you think that this type of salad isn't as popular with the menfolk as with the ladies, then try that Ginger Ale Salad recipe—as given on page 64—a guaranteed favorite of Nelson Eddy's. It turns out to have a very pale green and gold color scheme that is cooling just to look at. And the gingerale gives it a tang and zest that makes it really distinctive. Mr. Eddy, his cook informed me, likes it in place of dessert, frequently.

But not always! For, you'll recall, a Pineapple Upside-Down Cake also came in for honorable mention. Be sure to try this recipe. And don't mislay this magazine before you have secured a copy of this recipe for future use. I think you will find it more convenient if you keep any recipe you like on a regulation filing card. Then it will fit into your kitchen card-index recipe file. Please turn to page 64 for Nelson Eddy's Favorite Recipes.



ANSWER -- The loveliest home can be spoiled by tattle-tale gray in your curtains and linens -- that dingy color that shows they aren't really clean. So why use lazy soaps? Change to Fels-Naptha! It brings you richer golden soap and lots of naptha to loosen dirt thoroughly and wash it all away. It makes linens, curtains and all your clothes so beautifully fresh and snowy they add charm to your home instead of spoiling it. Get a few golden bars today and see how easy it is to...

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Is Eleanor Powell Sorry?

(*Continued from page 25*)

into the strains of "You Are My Lucky Star." Everyone in the restaurant clapped hands for Eleanor.

Señor Ygorin was so delighted with this quaint American demonstration that he ordered champagne for the orchestra. Then he asked Eleanor what the music was. And learned for the first time that she was in the movies.

Somehow, that delighted Eleanor. That someone had actually wanted to know her, perfectly unaware that she was a movie star.

She did not go out much in New York, but when she did, it was usually with the young, darkly handsome Peruvian lawyer. Then she was taken ill, had a complete breakdown, was forced to drop out of "At Home Abroad."

Emmanuel Ygorin was in a panic of worry. She had a good doctor, but he wondered if he could not get her a better one, the best one in the world. There were rumors of possible blood transfusions. He begged to be the donor, if there were any transfusions.

He was supposed to go back to Peru. He delayed his departure until he saw her convalescing. Behind him in New York, he left some relatives. At his behest, they called on the Powells, sent Eleanor flowers constantly, did everything possible for her, cabled him about her.

Then, at last recovered, she returned to Hollywood to make "Born to Dance." And cable offices in Los Angeles began to receive cablegrams from Peru, bearing the cable address: ELESWEET. Checking, they discovered that a wealthy gentleman from Peru paid the cablegram company to have such an address, which, decoded, would stand for: Eleanor Powell,—Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

And all this happened without the knowledge of Broadway, Hollywood or even Peruvian correspondents. It might have remained a secret indefinitely, if an outsider hadn't been present when one of the cablegrams arrived. Then the story came out. And, immediately, romance rumors about Eleanor and "a wealthy Peruvian admirer" were rampant. For Eleanor had led, up to date, a life singularly devoid of rumors.

I checked into them. And I have an amazing story to tell you—a story that reveals Eleanor in a new light, a story that reveals the amazing girl behind the dancing star.

"I'm very fond of him, as a friend. I'm not thinking of marrying," she told me, her blue eyes looking straight at me. "I'm not in love.

"I've never had the time to fall in love—or even to be sorry that I haven't. And it's a bit ironic, too." She smiled cheerfully. "I'm one of the youngest stars at the studio. I'm supposed to be the peppy bachelor girl—always out for a good time. Dances, parties, moonlight auto rides, sodas at the corner drug store, and all the rest of it. And I've still to do the kind of playing that most girls do at sixteen!

"I've never had the time. . . .

DON'T look so worried; I'm not going to give a year-by-year account of my life again. I've had to tell it enough times, goodness knows. But if I hadn't been a self-conscious youngster, and if my mother hadn't taken me to a dancing school to get me used to being with other children, and if I hadn't gone crazy about dancing after five lessons, and if I hadn't been determined to make something of myself as a dancer—well, I wouldn't be telling this story now.

"Work is play to me. And I'm not sorry—yet. I want to get that point across. I've had a good time, in my own way. A swell time.

"I'm too excited about my work to be happy doing anything else. You wouldn't want to be sorry about that, would you? And it's been that way as long as I can remember. Sometimes, I wonder how much longer it will be that way."

Eleanor had hurt her foot two days before, which explained why she was at home now. I asked her how the accident had happened.

"I was doing a comedy number with George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen in a box-car for 'Broadway Melody of 1937.' The box-car is a rolling stable for a couple of race horses. We do a trick dance that winds up with us dancing on big brushes and kicking them off. The camera crew was right in front of me. I was afraid I'd hurt somebody if I kicked the brushes off forward, so I tried to kick them backward."

Only Eleanor would think of something like that. No wonder the studio workers call her "The Sweetheart of M-G-M!"

"The right one caught and tripped me. I sprained my ankle and one of my toes. I had a nurse tape it up and then I went on; but that night my foot was so swollen that I couldn't even step on it. It's the first time anything like that has happened to me—where's some wood?—and my legs aren't insured, either. I don't know how much it will delay the picture. We thought we'd get some of the dances out of the way before Robert Taylor came back from another studio to play opposite me. The studio has told me to stay at home and rest until my foot is completely well.

"And here it is, the second day, and I'm fuming with restlessness. I've never been idle before, never missed a day of dancing—except when I had that breakdown. And I don't like it. I feel as if I'm losing time. Though I suppose the enforced idleness will be good for me."

The doctor ordered three weeks' complete rest. One week later, Eleanor was hobbling back on the set!

WHEN I'm working, I have to be up at a quarter of six, to limber up for the day's work. I'm in bed at nine-thirty because I'm exhausted. And when I have days off, instead of going away on a trip somewhere, I'm so tired that I have to stay home to store up energy for what's ahead.

"Yet I get home from the studio, after doing a number all day and say to Mother, 'I think I'll do that number once more.' I do it, right then and there. And I'm thinking about it all during dinner.

"Mother says my dinner doesn't do me any good because I'm thinking of all the time it's taking. The doctor told her the other day, 'You've got to get five more pounds on this girl,' and she just threw up her hands.

"Sometimes, I think, 'I'd like to give up all this.' That sounds silly, probably, in just those words. Sounds like the star too-too-tired-of-it-all, complaining about her luck. I don't mean it that way.

"I'm quite sure that I shall always dance. But some day I'd like to dance just to amuse myself, without worrying whether or not anyone else will like what I'm doing."

Does she feel that she has missed something along the way to success?

"No. Because I wouldn't have what I

do have, today, if I hadn't been willing to pass up a few things. Sports, for example.

"I've never been able to go horseback-riding because I've always had the thought, 'If the horse threw me, and I broke my ankle, I'd never have flexibility again. I couldn't do that ripple of taps that I've worked years to perfect.'"

"I haven't been able to play tennis. I have to give my heart a rest. It's overtaxed already by my dancing. I have to watch it constantly.

"If I went out for tennis, I'd give everything to it. That's me: a one-track mind. And energy plus. When I get into a thing, it's to see how far I can go in it.

"I would have been a swimmer if I hadn't been a dancer—and I would have worked to be a champion. I don't dabble, when I get an interest. I put everything I have into it. Particularly if it's competitive.

"I get letters from ambitious girls, trying to be dancers, saying, 'Gee, I hope *I* can be a big success.' If they ever read this. they'll probably ask, 'Gee, what's the sense of living—if you can't do anything but work?'

"And all I can answer is that work has its own peculiar compensations, entirely apart from fame or money. There is a satisfaction in accomplishment, especially creative accomplishment, that tops anything play can offer. I'm pretty sure of that."

But hasn't this concentration on work taken some rare will power?

There is no false modesty about Eleanor. "I have wonderful will power, if I do say so myself. Maybe too good. If I had to do anything, I could do it. If I had to stop anything, I could do that, too. Dieting, for example. If I were told to diet—there isn't much danger, but let's suppose—I could conquer this ravenous appetite of mine."

She dipped, for emphasis, into the bulging bowl of popcorn on the coffee table in front of us.

"This will power—which, by the way, has kept me from falling in love—came from working very young. That can't help but develop character and a sense of responsibility, particularly when a person has absolute freedom to choose what he will do. Which I had. I wasn't forced to work. My mother told me, when the choice between school and career came up, 'Eleanor, you can do what you want to do—but once you make your choice, I'll expect you to stick to it, to prove you meant it.' I can't let Mother down, or my grandfather and grandmother. They've believed in me so. And not wanting to let somebody down who believes in you has so much to do with your coming through.

"That sounds idealistic. It is idealistic. I wouldn't have got very far without some ideals, some pretty high ideals. I still have them—thank heaven. Nobody has shattered them. All my years in show business haven't made me cynical. I've kept right on living, you see, in a private world of trying to improve, of trying to be well-liked by everyone."

But, getting back to romance—or romances—

I'VE had far less than the usual girl. Oh, I've had 'conquests'; everyone on the stage has those, flirting across the footlights. But not anything to touch the heart. Yes, I've had some embarrassing moments because I hate to hurt anyone's feelings. There were boys who cared, and I couldn't hurt them by saying, straight out, I didn't. For, once you meet a fine, clean boy, who is attracted to you because you don't drink or pet or know all the latest smutty stories, and he wants to continue the companionship—well, it can become serious if you continue, too."

I reminded her that when she first went East to play in "At Home Abroad," she was briefly engaged to Abe Lyman, the

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OF LOSING HER MAN!



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orchestra leader. I asked her how that had happened.

She smiled. "I don't know. It must have been part of the excitement of getting back to New York. Or I must have been in a daze. I like Abe; always have and probably always will. But I don't know, now, what made either of us think it was a romance. We didn't have the illusion very long, if you remember.

"But, seriously, I've always had my work and my family to occupy my thoughts. When I haven't had work to think about, I've had my family—a swell family.

"Very few people could live as I do, probably, and enjoy life.

"People ask me, 'But don't you ever go out?' I wonder sometimes why any boys ever take the trouble to come around. Johnny Payne, for example—a grand boy. He's coming over this afternoon to see me, though I warned him that Myrna Loy has loaned me her hairdresser to experiment with some new coiffures, and we'll be experimenting this afternoon. And Jack La Rue says, 'Eleanor, if I get to be fifty, I'll wait to take you out just once.' Jimmy Stewart hasn't seen me much since he stopped working with me."

It all comes back to that little matter of time.

"I work under terrific pressure—physical *and* mental. A dramatic actress, when she gets through one scene, has nothing to worry about except her make-up, her clothes, and her lines for the next scene. I have lines to rehearse, too, and make-up to repair, and clothes changes. And then, on top of those responsibilities, countless others. But I seem to thrive on them.

"I have to make sure that my shoes are completely broken in. I have to be sure that I am completely limber. I have to remember complicated routines, and try to improve on them if I can. If I do an hour of ballet, I have to do an hour of tap afterward, and vice versa, to equalize the effect on the muscles. I have to be thinking ahead not only to the next scene, but the next sequence, the next picture. I have to be generating ideas, day in, day out. Nobody else can do that for me. I've developed my own style, my own technique. It's individual. And the only way I can keep it individual and spontaneous, is to create all my steps myself.

"When I came back from this last vacation—they called it 'a vacation,' but I called it 'having two impacted wisdom teeth out'—the studio said, 'Just tell us what you want, in preparing for "Broadway Melody," and we'll give it to you.' And do you know what my answer was? 'All I want is time. Just give me time, and I won't ask anything else. Time, so that I won't be working under pressure'."

Yet she likes the business. She loves it. She isn't sorry that, to date, it has made her miss romance.

"I won't miss it forever. But as much as I like dancing, I'll never marry and try to keep on working. Some girls could do it, but I couldn't. When I work, I work too hard, have to create too much to have time to think of anything else.

"When I do marry, I want my marriage to be as important as my work has been. And I think my will power—I've a lot of faith in that will power—will keep me from falling in love with a man who hasn't some driving ambition, himself, a passion for achievement."

She paused, and added, "When I have *time* to fall in love. . . ."

Make Way for Mike

(*Continued from page 42*)

vitally important to me as a person.

"I did go to New York from Philadelphia because I was stagestruck. I had been manager of several Woolworth stores, and I'd saved eighteen-hundred dollars. I was twenty-three when I stood in Times Square and stared at all those bright lights. I swore my name would be up there soon.

"Well, it wasn't. I worked for Eva LeGallienne for a few months. I lived in Greenwich Village. And, frankly, I was disillusioned. I hadn't suspected how much groundwork there is to acting. The tinsel was torn off pretty abruptly. I'm a moody cuss and when I'm through, I'm through. So I quit the stage.

"I still had quite a bit of my savings, however, so I enjoyed life. New York was so gay. It was a constant whirl of excitement. But then I was thumped to earth by the sad state of my finances. I was broke.

"Singing on the radio was my next goal, but I didn't get far. They declared my baritone voice was worth twenty programs a week. They'd pay me sixty-five dollars for them, providing I paid for a fifteen-piece orchestral accompaniment. So you want to be a crooner? That's the proposition I bumped into!

"Luckily for me, I also bumped into James Montgomery Flagg. He hired me to pose for his magazine illustrations. So I moved to the Barbizon-Plaza and lurked on the fringe of luxury.

"I had a swell address and enough good clothes for all the parties I rated invitations to. I took tests for almost every picture company, but nothing happened. Then, finally, personal affairs became complicated. That's why I came West.

IT seems that a friend of mine had been slandered, and I resented it bitterly. On the night I'll never forget, I was invited to a party by those whom I'd taken it upon myself to chasten. I went. I took but two short drinks. Next thing I was lying quite literally in the subway.

"When I scrambled to my feet I was unsteady, of course. You'd be, too, if you'd been playing Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model in that up-to-date fashion! I had no memory of what had happened, no conception of how I'd got there. I called up to the guards on the platform and told them I'd been under the weather and had fallen off the platform.

"But when I awoke next morning I did a little checking. I found out that I hadn't been the slightest bit tipsy. I realized that if I had been I couldn't have become positively sober so quickly. I believe that I was doped. I believe, and only my hunch and the apparent evidence could back me up in this, that I was doped and pushed over onto those tracks on purpose!"

"Nice friends you had," I interrupted.

"Yes," said Mike succinctly. There was tenseness in the room as the implication of the episode gripped us.

"That was the final straw. All around me were trouble and blasted dreams. To go on being brutally candid, I had a suicide complex for a spell. I appreciated Mr. Flagg's giving me work, but posing for sketches is hardly satisfactory to a man. I was defeated by the city.

"By noon, on that morning after, I had

resolved to tackle Hollywood. While none of my screen tests had been profitable, the fact that I'd been considered by nearly every company encouraged me. It showed I had some possibilities. Hollywood was far away; it was a plunge into new surroundings.

"I borrowed some money and came West by boat to New Orleans and then by day coach, sitting up nights on the train.

"When I arrived I phoned a friend who had a room on Selma Avenue, a block below the Boulevard. I moved in with him."

Mike's rent was three-fifty a week, and he was glad of that when it began to appear that he was in for a long struggle. Mr. Flagg had given him a letter of introduction to Hollywood's foremost actors' agency. It was suggested that he stand by while a studio was informed of his availability. After two weeks Mike inquired about warming up at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Unfortunately, it's all glory at Pasadena and no wages.

However, after doing two plays there, Mike's good looks and genial manner rescued him from the pangs of frustration. He met Sylvia Sidney, Sari Maritza and her manager, Vivian Gaye, and they particularly encouraged him. Mike was the import who added zest to every party, a handsome devil who was sure to get going professionally.

ONLY he didn't. The biggest agency was too big to bother with him after all. So he became an anxious client for another agency, which assured him of a splendid film contract just around the corner. In the meantime he was to wait. He wasn't to work as an extra, for that would be a blow to his prestige.

"I was invited out nearly every evening and that was a godsend. But when my money had given out and my roommate had been carrying the expenses for a month or more, once more I was blue.

"I was saved by the revival of my sense of humor. Socially, I was having a great time. My agent counselled me to wait. But I was getting nowhere, and life seemed a horrible joke on me. You can't go on laughing at empty pockets forever, you know. So one night I went into the bathroom and turned on the gas. As I was lying on the floor, I got to thinking what a mess I was making for the landlady. Then it struck me as a silly procedure. Maybe the gas in Hollywood is sweeter than the gas in New York—it was too sickening! I got dizzy and then my sense of humor miraculously dashed to the rescue. What a picture I was making, one no artist could sketch!"

Of course, what really saved Mike for success was his tremendous valor. It's the brand that will take slap after slap and still bear up. What he went through illustrates what I mean.

He and his pal moved to a thirty-dollar a-week apartment, on his agent's advice. His chum had a car, and Mike tried to compensate by doing the cooking. Gradually there was less talk of a regular contract; the agent said he'd try to get Mike in at a major studio, on a stock contract which would provide dramatic training. Next day the agent phoned that they had said no, without even looking him over.

"It was then I began to understand that you have to fight for yourself to get ahead. You can't depend upon others. I'd met B. P. Fineman, the producer, socially. He gave me a letter of introduction to Ben Piazza, an important casting director. Piazza evidently thought I looked better than I sounded, for he put me into the studio's school.

"A contract's no guarantee of opportunity, though! During my entire year at this studio I was never once cast in a single role." He studied under Oliver Hinsdale, the studio's coach. And Hinsdale told a friend of Mike's that it would be an act of charity to tip the lad off to his absolute hopelessness as an actor.

How much courage would you have left if an authority classified you thus?

Then, at the end of the year, Mike was called to the front office. "You have everything it takes to click in pictures but stamina. We have to make room for some newcomers, so we'll have to let you go temporarily." He knew what that meant. He didn't bother to give his backbone a build-up, say that he had been working as a common laborer on the night shift on another lot to afford his attendance at school! No pluck? He merely studied at one studio all day and then put in eight hours sweeping and tearing down scenery at another.

He dropped out of the party whirl when he went to work as an ordinary laborer. "So long as I was a potential success, it seemed to me all right to accept the hospitality of the big people; but when I was emphatically a nobody I preferred not to.

LITTLE theatres became my Mecca. I acted in every amateur play I could get into. They paid nothing but experience."

However, two of the friends whom he'd known when he was a newcomer never lost faith in him. Sari Maritza and Vivian Gaye appreciated his battle. "When my clothes were all worn out, and I hadn't anything decent to wear, Vivian got me two suits that Randy Scott, then Vivian's husband, was ready to give away.

"Three years ago this July Fourth I had



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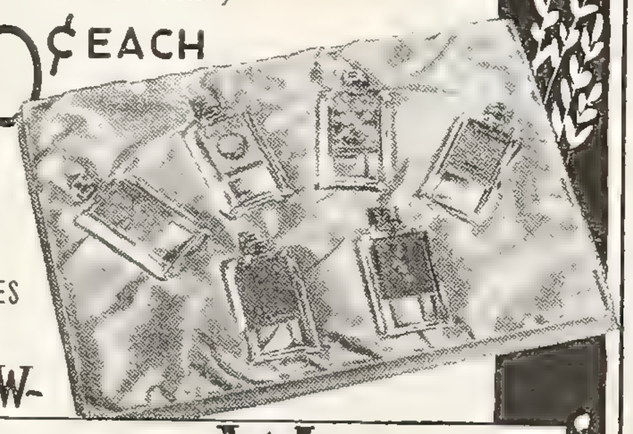
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a marvelous part in a show. There were only twelve people in the audience, and the cast, discouraged by that reception and pepped up by the holiday as an excuse to celebrate, celebrated in liquid style. They were all angry with me because I wouldn't take a drink. But I had a part and I was going to act it to the hilt. After the show I received a caller, the manager of the stock company in Vancouver. He hired me."

When he returned from Canada he worked in "Common Flesh," a play by Jim Timmony, Mae West's manager. Mae came to the dress rehearsal and her verdict was, "Kill it—it's lousy. But sign that man, Whalen!" However, Mr. Timmony wanted the pleasure of seeing his drama in action. And who should turn up at the opening but a Darryl Zanuck scout! The next night Zanuck went down to watch him act. The direct consequence was a long-term contract, with Mike debuting in a lead.

"I never expected to make another picture," Mike vows. He'd plugged for so long that skyrocketing was a fantastic reality. But it wasn't luck that had made him choose to say no when his fellow amateurs were disregarding their duty to their audience by drinking.

"I'm going to keep on learning to be a good actor, if it takes me forty years," he maintains. "But since 'success' what, you ask. Well, steady work. The thrill that comes from doing what you enjoy doing as best you can. Applause. Money.

"But there are catches to these awards. I like to go to parties, but I rarely go out any more, for what's the use if you can't be yourself? Whatever I do is commented upon. When you're a leading man, instead of a would-be, you're gossiped about if you sit peacefully at home. So I don't dare do this or that for fear someone will criticize. Financially, I'm much better off, of course. But I haven't been able to save any money yet. I'm not earning a great deal. I've brought my mother and two sisters West to live with me, and I'm supporting them. Buying clothes for three gals and buying a more-than-average priced car—that's my dissipating with my surplus funds.

"I'm not in love. Someday, after my family is cared for, I intend to marry, but I don't want to seem like a shop-worn Romeo to the girl who gives me a break. So I dislike having romance rumors flung foolishly on the breeze. I get more kick out of buying a girl friend and myself two sips of sherry for fifteen cents than I do out of parading to the Trocadero and tasting expensive champagne and wondering if I'm partially living up to what a leading man's supposed to be. I haven't met Garbo, my favorite. I haven't even caught a glimpse of her.

"What I want now is a little ranch, where I can putter around and ride—and have a sailboat.

"When I was doing 'Wee Willie Winkie,' the location at Chatworth was somehow familiar. Gradually, it dawned on me that four years ago I had been on the same spot. Then I'd been pushing lion cages into position for Buster Crabbe to disport himself as 'King of the Jungle.'"

She's Taking It Easy

(Continued from page 31)

When the picture was finished she followed one rushing habit that still clings to her. She lost no time in having her hair restored to its natural dark brown. The cameramen insist on having it a few shades lighter when she is working, but the minute she is on her own she rushes to a hairdresser.

"It's a good thing I have hair that will stand it, for I'm continually changing it back and forth from light to dark," she commented with no hint of complaint in her voice, although her hair is one of the things about which she is very particular. Professional hairdressers don't get much of her money, for it is washed by her personal maid and arranged by Claudette herself. Sometimes the process takes more than an hour, while engagements wait, for she painstakingly winds each curl around her finger and, according to a friend, "fixes her bangs and fusses until she drives me crazy." According to this same friend and by Claudette's own admission, it is almost axiomatic that she is just never on time.

WATCHING her while she talked I wondered what had brought about this change of mental attitude. Could it be due entirely to her happy marriage? Was it a natural sequence following the steady success of her career; a sense of financial security or perhaps a combination of all three? She told me.

"Experience taught me to relax," she said thoughtfully. "Of course the combination of perfect happiness, of having made a few good pictures and the feeling that I am financially secure, has allowed me to put what I learned into practice. Unpleasant experiences as a result of rushing headlong into things helped a lot.

"There was the time I was going to Honolulu to make a picture. The day the company sailed I had to go to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. For some reason that picture seemed very important to me, and with my last breath before I went under the anaesthetic, I declared I would take the next boat and join the company. I did!"

I recalled the wire she sent the director the day following her operation, which read: "You'd be surprised how fast I recuperate. Wait for Baby."

Actually, she walked four days following her operation and ten days later she took the boat for Honolulu. Most of her scenes in the picture showed her in a swamp up to her neck. She risked her health, if not her life, and the finished picture, to quote Claudette, "was a Lulu!"

"That was once when I should have taken my time," she laughed, "but definitely."

She took her time about making up her mind to marry Dr. Joel Pressman. Indeed, she kept an interested world-at-large, as well as her fiance, on pins and needles for months until she made her decision. And after a year she is enthusiastically happy.

Perhaps now she could give the interview one editor asked her for, the day following her marriage, on the subject of "Why Second Marriages Are Successful." At that time she displayed caution and a rare sense of humor when she wired her reply to the editor. It was terse and to the point and read: "How should I know?"

Marrying a man who is tops in his profession as she is in hers, a man whose career is one she can look up to, has helped to make it one of Hollywood's successful

marriages. His work has become of tremendous importance to her. She takes the keenest interest in it, not only because it is fascinating to her of itself, but because it is where his interest lies. She takes pride, as any womanly woman does, in the achievement of the man she loves. And says quietly: "His work is so much more important than mine."

In order to give herself a personal life, which few stars are able to manage, Claudette has reduced her professional life to three pictures a year.

For, "What's the hurry?" she asked.

I COULD have used some delay to advantage when I built my house, too," she suddenly remembered. "Oh, I've had my lessons. I didn't learn to proceed cautiously all in a minute, or from hearing that song about taking your time. I've had experience.

"Naturally when I decided to build, I got an architect to draw up the plans. He made blue prints. Everything was down on paper or, rather, on the blue prints, and it all sounded fine. But, of course, I couldn't read a blue print and when I saw the house, it wasn't anything like what I had visualized. I had most of it made over entirely."

Claudette wasn't planning to marry at the time she built the house, and considerable remodeling had to be done to accommodate a man. "But not too much," she added. "I did my bedroom a little differently than I had intended. Instead of having it all satin and ruffles, I used chintzes. And made another bathroom out of a dressing-room.

"Another thing I am doing over right now is the playhouse. It seemed to me a good idea to build it away from the house. I had a projection machine down there, but when we wanted to run a picture it was like getting dressed to go downtown. During the rainy weather we had to stop and bundle up, and, if we had guests, we had to ask them to put on their boots and take a hike.

"Now I'm having the library, two guest-rooms and a small powder-room thrown into one large room and the projection machine moved in there. I'm also going to add a nursery and put it away like a hope chest," she added.

Asked if she were going to have need for a nursery, she replied: "Oh, certainly. I hope so, some day."

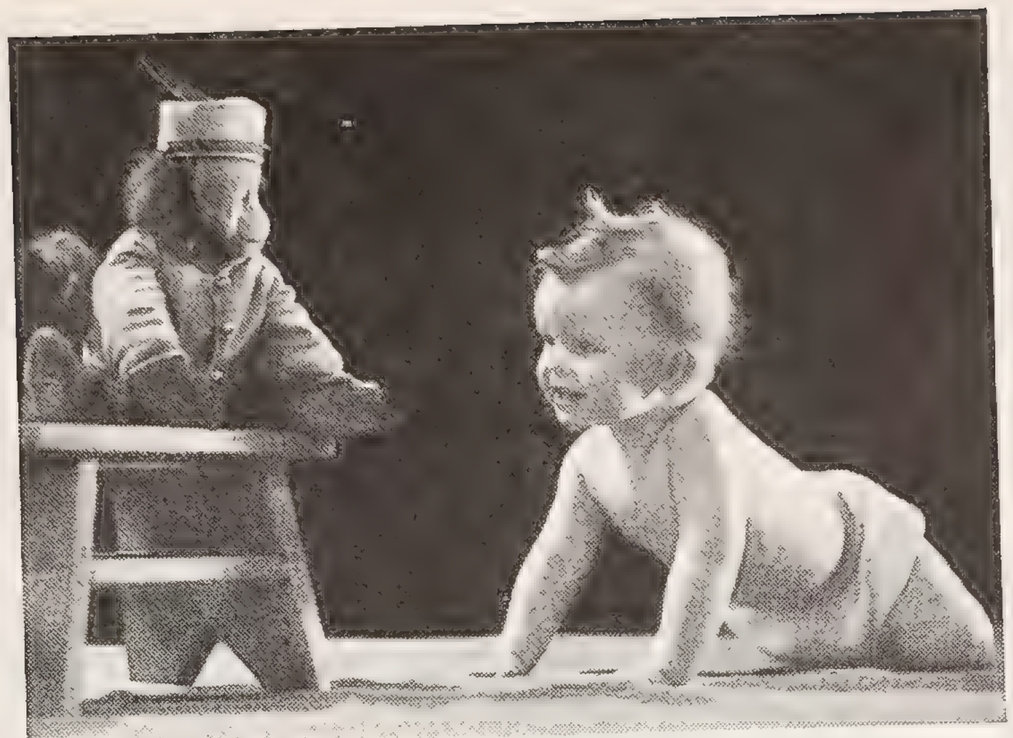
Claudette is never written up in the gossip columns. Big parties, cafe life and crowds never appealed to her, and recently she has been seen less and less at places haunted by the film crowd. Not that she has become a recluse. Far from it! She hasn't changed in a manner that you would notice. She is just as full of fun; just as much the prankster and has just as grand a sense of humor as ever, but she seems to demand more leisure in which to enjoy life. She likes to read the new French plays in French. And to lean over the back fence and talk with her neighbor, Irene Dunne. Tennis being her favorite game, she gets in a few sets almost every day.

It's a mental attitude, this taking-it-easy business, she thinks, and something that each individual must learn for himself.

"You can preach it to people, but preaching does no good," she said seriously. "The whole theory in a nutshell is," she concluded, "that there's no use rushing the present to get to the future, but each person must find that out for himself, of course."

Just then Dr. Pressman drove up in front of the door, ready to take her home. He leaned out and whistled—ever so softly—and I rose to go.

"Don't go," she urged cordially, "he's in no hurry."



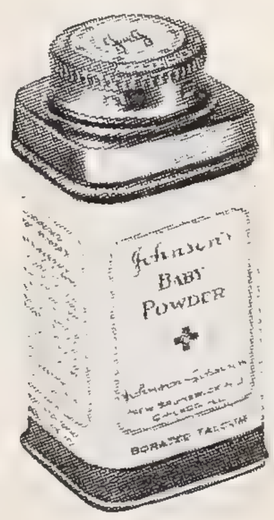
● *"Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"*



● *"Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life... many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"*



● *"I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy... How about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"*



● *"Did you ever notice how fine Johnson's Baby Powder is? Just like satin! It keeps my skin like satin, too!"... Clear, unblemished skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and for tiny babies, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.*

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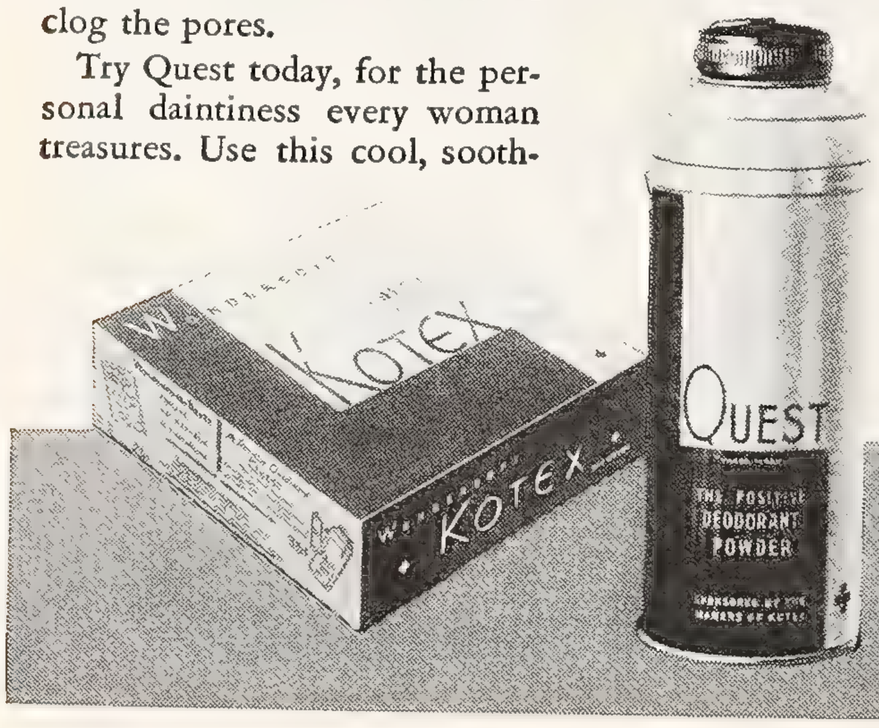
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Fall Fashions Forecast

(*Continued from page 41*)

age you. For us budgeteers, the furriers have been working day and night on some new process that treats and dyes lapin until it is as pliable and alluring as the more expensive furs.

There never was a law that first Autumn outfits had to be black or brown, but from the predominance of sober hues in previous years, anyone might have assumed that there was. This year, it is all going to be different. Dress designers have been looking at Nature, and they have discovered that trees put on their most gorgeous display when Summer is over. It isn't the copper and henna and walnut shades that they have adopted for this year; it is the soft mauves, the rosy and yellow and mulberry shades that they have borrowed for Autumn woolens.

THE suit which Helen is wearing in the photographs on Page 40, is big fashion news. The material is a nubby, speckled wool of gray-beige cast, typical of the new woolens which are almost all rough-textured, as boucle or other knitted fabrics. Odd-shaped buttons crop up in all the Paris fashion news, and here is Omar Kiam leading the parade with cylinder buttons of gray suede. As for the shirtwaist it is of finest silk jersey of that shade of brick red that maple leaves take on in the first severe frost.

Hollywood and all the rest of the fashion world have been following the horse-races this year, and suddenly women have awakened to the stunning effect of jockey's brilliant-colored silk shirts. You will find the most vivid hues in blouses under the smartest suits this Fall and Winter.

A fashion detail that Helen particularly likes is the hat fashioned of the same fabric as the suit. She, like many of you, I am sure, has sought in vain other years to find a hat fabric that wasn't too smooth to harmonize with rough suitings. The only wholly satisfactory topper to a suit like this is a hat of the same material.

Before we leave the wealth of fashion hints that are to be found in "Vogues of 1938," just let me remind more mature readers that Hedda Hopper is in the picture, too, and wherever Hedda is, there is a whole course of lessons in what to wear and how to wear it.

Shorter, younger, giddier Rochelle Hudson is a fashion guide for a quite different type to follow. Such dignified and stately words as describe Helen Vinson, are discarded in favor of "Whee" when you attempt to catch the breezy spirit of Rochelle's favorite dresses. Rochelle is the dress-idol of the gadabout college girls who want to make a knockout impression. Here is a wise bit of counsel from Rochelle. When you shift from Summer dresses to Fall fashions, and she is in favor of doing it abruptly even before the weather is chilly, go definitely, alluringly feminine! You've been wearing slacks and shorts and classic sports dresses, and soon you will be wearing boxy coats and tailored suits, so take advantage of the Summer-into-Fall interim as an opportunity to wear blithely-graceful, artfully pretty dresses. Her daytime dress shown in the photograph is of the new crepe called heartbeat. It is Coronation blue. I am sure it is wonderful news to all the gray and blue-eyed girls that this

year fashion dictators have relented and are really going to show a great deal of blue as a Fall and Winter color.

Frankly-feminine accents that make this dress merit the old, but always good, classification of "beau-catcher," are the short, puffed sleeves, the puffed and shirred band, uptilted in center front that forms the girdle, the snug-hipped and slightly-flaring skirt. With this dress Rochelle wears midnight-blue gloves and shoes and hat. And don't overlook the veil. Our breeziest moderns have whole-heartedly adopted this flagrant bit of coquetry.

Once when a saleswoman said to Rochelle, "Yes, I understand. You want a frock that is definitely not a sports dress," she replied, "Yes, I want one that is actually an anti-sports dress." Here you have it. And don't you think it would make the candid, open-faced, good pal of a Summer sports girl simply writhe with envy?

When you are shopping for clothes, regardless of the season, here is a tip from Rochelle that will prove valuable to you. Study every dress you try on both in repose and in movement. Often dresses that look charming when you stand still have an awkward swing when you walk or reach for the high step of a running board or bus step. Make sure that every dress you buy has enough fullness for free movement, and that it follows your every move gracefully and dramatically.

The dance dress that makes her look like the portrait of a reigning belle is one she wears in "She Had to Eat." Very subtly it combines the most flattering fashions of Colonial times and tomorrow's fashion dispatch. The deep off-shoulder neckline, the huge wallpaper flower print, were favorites of the alternately demure and bold heroines of Washington's time. But the clips and necklace and the skirt that is full without being bunchy is decidedly the mark of an ultra-modern designer.

THERE has been no end of controversy over whether dance dresses should have short or long skirts. Some of the new, short ballerina-skirted dance dresses are flattering, and there is no doubt that it is refreshing to see girls dance without fear of stepping on their skirts. It is still the girl in the long, flowing dress, however, who makes the most dramatic entrance. It is still the frankly picturesque gown that makes of every evening party a great occasion.

If your long-skirted evening dress is made of taffeta, as this is, you won't have much trouble dancing in it. It billows out crisply as you float across the dance floor. The color, incidentally, is blue—a mauve blue background with roses of deeper blue and pink.

For the girl going away to college, for the girl whose whole Winter of fun is apt to depend on the impression she makes at the first big dance of the season, there couldn't be a wiser choice than this dress. Even if she had a whole closetful of other evening dresses, she would want to wear this one again and again.

Pulling ourselves away from the glamorous possibilities of just the right evening dress to the practicalities of every day, let's take a look at the coat Sonja Henie is wearing. If you are going out shopping for one grand coat that will see you through all occasions of Fall and Winter, I'd advise you to take this picture along with you. You will never find another coat as versatile as this one. The fur bolero is detachable, which makes it just right to wear over dresses on earliest Fall days. A little later, about the time the first football games come around, the full-length cloth coat can be worn without

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"THAT girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

• • •

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they *dislike* nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MUM



ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

the fur. It is a lovely warm shade of toast-brown duvetyn, trim and plain in its outlines, as befits a very young girl with a tendency to be a little well rounded in figure.

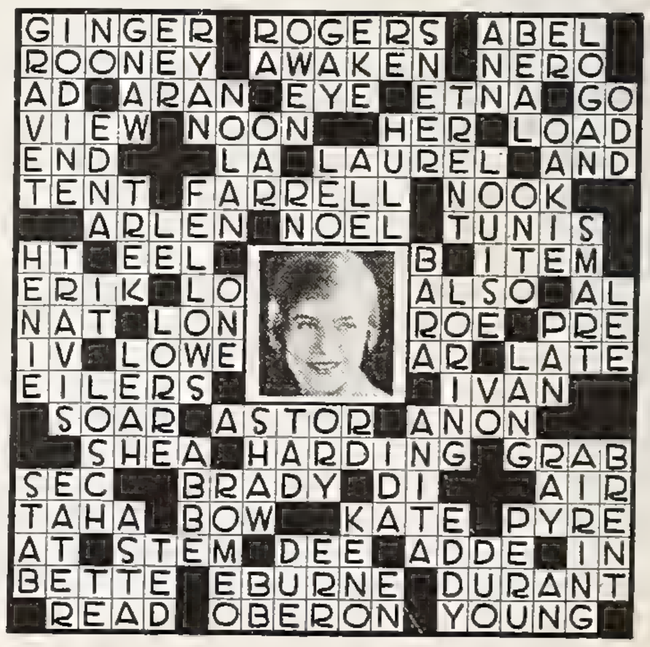
Later on in the season when Winter winds really get seriously down to work, you can wear the coat with the bolero. And how grateful you will be for the added warmth around your shoulders.

Now some of you bright girls, who think fast while you are reading, are going to object that a cloth coat suitable for early Fall would certainly not be warm enough for blizzardy weather, even with the addition of a fur bolero. You're wrong. Inventors in the dress trades have recently devised some wonderful interlining materials that act like magic. They are neither warm, nor heavy; in fact, you won't know there is an interlining in mild weather. Then when piercing winds come, you don't feel them. Wind and cold simply cannot penetrate through these new interlinings which have so little bulk that they can be used in the trimmest, slimmest coats. One of the new interlinings is a fabric that looks and feels like chamois skin. Another is the fine snow cloth that was developed for use in ski suits last Winter.

There is a lot of fur trimming used on the new Winter coats and suits, the newest innovation being a wide, full peplum of fur on an early Fall suit. The girl who dresses on a budget has not been overlooked by the style dictators, though. Fur fabrics, wonderfully contrived to have a distinct character of their own, are used on many Winter fashions. These fabrics don't pretend to be fur. They are not a cheap imitation of something else; they are lustrous and beautiful, deep-piled fabrics that anyone could be proud of. Fingertip jackets of these various heavy-pile fabrics are just as flattering as those of fur. Another fabric that is encroaching on the domain of fur as trimming is heavy velvet. Two-piece dresses of plaid hairy-wool skirts, or checked rough wool with velvet jackets are going to be the costume that takes many a girl smartly dressed through the transition days from Summer into real Autumn.

Out of all the maze of new fashions that will be launched in these next few weeks, the details that are important are, first of all, vivid, warm colorings; next, front fullness in your skirts; waistlines are a little lower, skirts a little shorter and backs of bodices have just as many clever details of fitting and fastening as you are accustomed to see in front-fastened dresses. All the new fabrics, with the exception of duvetyn and velvet, have rough, uneven texture. Some are made of thick and thin yarn; some have the meshy basket weave; some have silky rabbit's hair woven in to give a furry surface, but all have an uneven, pebbly surface. The better to make your skin look soft and satiny, my dears.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14



Bing Grows Up

(*Continued from page 33*)

She still can't quite get used to the idea," laughed Bing, "that one of her boys is one of those things called 'an actor.'

"That's the way I was brought up and that's the way I am. Why," said Bing, "even crooning is old-fashioned, really. It's as old as civilization. In the old days they called us troubadours, or maybe just caterwaulers. Anyway, there's nothing new about it.

"I'm old-fashioned and I like old-fashioned ways and old-fashioned girls. I always did. A fellow, when he is very young, may take the flashy type of girl out for a good time, but he still hopes to marry one who can cook a good dinner and be handy with a brace of babies. I still feel kind of queer when I see girls smoking. I should be used to it. If I had ever seen my mother smoking, I would have thought the world had turned over on its ear. Why, she doesn't even allow my two sisters to smoke now, and they're both married women. It's only recently that my brothers and I have dared to smoke in front of her. And she's just got around to admitting that a glass of wine isn't death and destruction. You don't get away from training like that," Bing said. "I never have."

THIS mild-mannered young man of few words is not "just a crooner" today. He is a husband and a father. He is, also, one of the most successful business men in Hollywood. A suite of offices on his studio lot are lettered, "BING CROSBY, LTD., INC." Within that suite of offices six people carry on the business which is Bing Crosby; the Select Music Corporation which publishes Bing's songs and the songs of others within the studio limits; his radio broadcasts and all the attendant business of the broadcasts; his picture contracts; his stables where horses are bred. He has recently formed a company along with Bill Le Baron and Leo McCary, to open a race-track at Del Mar.

His father handles his enormous fan mail. Bing is one of the few stars who, graciously and generously, sends photos out free. Bing's two brothers attend to all major matters, radio contracts, picture contracts, etc. Two secretaries carry on the minor details.

I watched him there on the set of "Waikiki Wedding." I had to look around before I could spot him. He's never in the foreground. He was smoking his pipe over in back of a group of extras. He was crooning "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" with Shirley Ross and Martha Raye. He was talking to the prop boys and the electricians. He picked up the script for the script girl when she dropped it.

I talked to the boys on the set while Bing changed his costume. They all agreed that Bing is the most undemanding star they have ever worked with. And they know. He has no personal vanity whatsoever. He goes about in old sweaters, tieless. And I had good reason to believe them when, a few nights later, I dropped in at NBC, while Bing was broadcasting. There he stood on the stage, the place jammed to the very walls, wearing a pair of brown trousers and a blue cotton shirt, open at the neck, swaying a little as he sang, as though he had just "run over from next door." Which is just exactly what he had done . . . come over from home just as he was.

He doesn't lunch in splendid isolation in

Conrad Nagel helps a lady in distress



Conrad Nagel...currently starred in the Grand National picture, "Bank Alarm".



"A relative of mine back East wrote me that his daughter, whose engagement had just been tragically broken, was visiting the coast. Would I help her?...



"I took her to dinner. She was a pretty girl, but her self-confidence had been shattered by her bitter experience. I encouraged her to tell her troubles...



"Her fiance's love had cooled until, in despair, she finally sent back his ring. It occurred to me that her appearance could be improved and I couldn't resist just one bit of advice...



"'Remember', I said, 'a girl's most alluring feature is her mouth. No man is attracted by dry, cracked lips. To keep always lovely, there's a special lipstick with a Beauty-cream base.'"...



THAT ADVICE ABOUT KISSPROOF HAS MADE LIFE WORTH LIVING AGAIN! NOW JOHN'S RING IS BACK ON MY FINGER. THE BEAUTY-CREAM BASE OF KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY AID!

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"I've got it! Biggest lot of flavor ever sold for a nickel! A smooth, zesty flavor that slides along your tongue as satisfyingly as cream, yet refreshing as a cold shower. You get this flavor fresh—in scientific, airtight packages—in Beeman's, the gum so many people buy to aid their digestion but chew often because it's so downright good."



Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

his dressing-room. He doesn't even have a portable dressing-room on the set or so much as a chair, set apart and lettered, "Bing Crosby." He eats his lunches in the studio commissary, quite often at the counter—sometimes with Gary Cooper, George Raft, his brothers, or with Director Tuttle. He is never seen joshing with the girls. He is much more the "big brother" type with the girls in his pictures than the crooner or charmer.

I KNOW no story about Bing which so perfectly explains the kind heart of the man as this: A young woman had been writing Bing for years. Long, ardent, intelligent letters. She wrote that she was worried about herself. She feared that she was becoming a psychopathic case, for, preposterous as it might sound, Bing was wrecking her life. She couldn't make dates with the young men of her acquaintance because, whenever she did, she heard only Bing's voice; it haunted her and stood between her and reality. She realized how absurd she was, but the absurdity seemed to be more real than the tangible world around her. Eventually, she came to Hollywood to see Bing. Bing met her.

Did he pose and posture and romanticize himself, the more to inflame the inflammable heart of the girl? He did not. He showed her around the studio, wearing his old clothes. He emphasized the practical, workaday details of his work. He stripped off the glamor and showed her the grind beneath it. He took her home to dinner and introduced her to Dixie. Dixie, he explained, was the only girl he had ever gone out with in Hollywood. He put on carpet slippers, at home. He smoked his pipe. He and Dixie discussed the baby. Bing heard the baby's prayers. Bing hosed the front lawn. Bing ate too much at dinner. He was folksy and familiar as an old shoe. He was that girl's father and brother and the boy-next-door. And she went home, cured. She went home, Dixie and Bing's warm and grateful friend, as she is today. She went home cured of the fever in her veins, caused by the Crosby crooning and cured by the salty, kind good sense of Bing.

Bing doesn't like to go out partying. Once a month is his limit. Other nights he stays home, plays a card game called "Gin" with Dixie, puts out the lights at ten and is in bed at ten-thirty.

They still have old-fashioned Sunday dinners, as they had at home when sometimes twenty-five and never less than ten sat down at table. Now, on Sundays, there will be Bing's mother and father, brothers and their wives and thirteen Crosby grandchildren. It's fun to be at Uncle Bing's, the children declare, because Uncle Bing knows how to play with kids.

Bing sat on a platform covered with sand, on the set, as we talked. He said, "Yep, I'm old-fashioned, I guess. Sure, I spank the kids. They're bad actors, those three, and good paddy-whack wakes 'em up. I'm going to send them to public schools, too. Our ranch at Rancho Santa Fe is an attempt to get back to the family way of living. We raise our own vegetables and have an orchard large enough to give us fruit to preserve.

"I wouldn't stand for any of this husband-and-wife vacation stuff. When Dixie and I go off on vacations, we go together. No, I have no objection to Dixie working, if she wants to. It's almost old-fashioned by this time," laughed Bing, "for women not to work. I won't allow her to work Saturdays, Sundays or evenings. Working is all right, but none of this business of husband and wife going about alone. If I don't want to go to a preview or a party and Dixie does want to go, she goes with my brother, Larry, and his wife. Even then I tell Larry not to encourage her; I have hard enough work keeping her at home as it is.

"It's the kids I worry about," Bing said, blue eyes grave. "They haven't any need to wash dishes or mow lawns or hustle for fifty cents. Even if we made them go through the motions, they'd know they were just humoring the old man's quaint notions. It's harder to raise kids right when they have a silver spoon in their mouths than when they have no spoon at all," sighed Bing.

Deanna—Diminutive Diva

(*Continued from page 29*)

clear, bird-like voice singing a few notes.

"No, no, Deanna," the director interrupted. "Not that way. You must sing badly. You are supposed to be making fun of Binnie Barnes. Let's try it again."

"But if I do that, people will think that is the way I really sing," Deanna argued, on the verge of tears. "No one will believe I am a good singer."

She was finally convinced that singing a few notes incorrectly wouldn't give her audiences the wrong impression. Regardless of her first success as an actress, nothing to her is as important as her singing.

When the dramatic lessons, paid for by the studio, strained her voice, she refused to continue and said, "They'll have to take me as I am, without being an actress."

No doubt this decision had a great deal to do with her immediate success; for, next to her singing, her naturalness was one point the critics stressed in their reviews of the picture.

The next time I saw her, the picture was finished and had been previewed. Everyone immediately agreed that Deanna was, indeed, a wonder child.

She had been singing regularly on Eddie Cantor's radio program and had endeared herself to radio audiences, and it had been predicted that she would be a sensation in the picture. Mr. Cantor was going to New York for a few weeks and wanted Deanna to go along and broadcast from the East. It was decided that Deanna should not go to New York as a mere member of the program, but as a star in her own right. She was to be accompanied by her mother, her manager, Jack Sherrill, and her tutor. They were going to New York, Deanna told me, "to see the Statue of Liberty. I can't believe it is as big as they say," she added, confidentially.

She was less excited than anyone else over the trip, having expended most of her enthusiasm on a shopping tour the day before when two new coats, one fur and one cloth, had been added to her wardrobe. "But I'm going to get some clothes in New York," she told me. "I left them out purposely so I could shop there."

DEANNA'S arrival in New York was nothing short of triumphant. As she rode along on the train—her first lengthy trip—she could look out of the car window and see great signboards in every city covered with 24-sheets reading: "Orchids to you, Deanna Durbin!" There were newspapermen and cameramen at every

station to interview her and photograph her. She was the center of attraction and had enough attention to turn the head of anyone, but while the attention of everyone else was riveted on Deanna, her whole interest was on the things she was going to see and do in the great City of New York.

"Being the center of attention is nothing new to Deanna," her sister told me. "I don't think she has ever been afraid of anyone in her life. She has always been the center of attraction, a fact which probably accounts for her unusual poise. She has entertained since she was a baby. As she grew older and was asked to sing in school and church affairs, she did it without fear."

Deanna isn't precocious in manner and not a bit the stage child. Certainly, she isn't impressed with her own importance. But neither is she impressed with the importance of anyone else. When she was introduced to Leopold Stokowski, the great conductor, who is co-starring with her in "100 Men and a Girl," she looked at him in a friendly but calm fashion and said, "Hello!" He returned her greeting in kind, and they had lunch together. He might have been an old friend. But afterward she displayed her real feelings when she said, "He is so wonderful, but why should I be afraid of him? He is just a human being."

Deanna adores her older, only sister, Florence, who insisted that the child had a voice when she was but five years old, and who, later, paid for Deanna's lessons with money she earned teaching school. Recently Florence got married, and Deanna was confronted with a major problem. Should she be her sister's bridesmaid, or should she sing at the wedding? It was vital to her to do both, she thought. She settled the matter by singing before the wedding and then running like mad out the side door of the church and reaching the bridal party in time to march up the aisle as a bridesmaid.

Probably Deanna will never forget the premiere of "The Good Earth," for, in addition to being the first opening she'd attended, it was the occasion when she wore her first long dress, a beautiful pink velvet.

Thousands of ermines had sacrificed their lives to lend comfort and elegance to the occasion, to say nothing of the minks and sables. Even the street leading to the theatre was dressed in gala attire. The usual mob of enthusiastic fans was crowded outside the theatre, and each arrival brought forth its quota of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "Oh, there's Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor."

Then, as though Fate had decreed it should be so, there was a slight pause in the arrivals before a shiny, new car drew up to the curb. From it stepped four grown people and a little girl in a pink velvet dress. The fans looked eagerly. One remarked, "Tourists, I guess," and the disappointed crowd relaxed. Suddenly, out of the momentary silence a shrill, young voice cried, "It's Deanna!"

Immediately the cry was taken up. The crowd screamed, waved and yelled unintelligible but reassuring comments. Not even the stars of the picture received such tribute. Little Deanna, with one picture to her credit, had arrived.

HER reaction to this reception endeared her to the crowd. She didn't seem embarrassed; neither did she appear too self-assured. She waved happily. She laughed and called out, "Hello, everybody!" Never once did she lose that poise which is as much a part of her as that happy smile.

It seemed to Deanna that Christmas was being prolonged into Spring. Her beautiful new car that her employer, Mr. Charles R. Rogers, had given her when she returned from New York; her first premiere and now this reception. She must be, she confided to her sister in a whisper, "the happiest girl in all the world."

After she had worn the dress a couple of times the thrill diminished, and she told her sister that she wasn't very fond of wearing grown-up clothes. But, according to her family, her favorite playthings at the age of three years were a pair of her sister's cast off, high-heeled shoes. For hours at a time she would clump and stumble around the house in those high heels, filling the family with misgivings at the dangers involved.

Strangely enough, Deanna has just as many fans among the grown-ups as she has among boys and girls her own age. Her fan mail has increased to such proportions that it can't be taken care of at home.

"Deanna tries to read it all," her mother told me, "but she hasn't time. A majority of the letters are from youngsters like herself, who write her all about themselves, their studies, their ambitions, and frequently they send her pictures of themselves. Deanna wants to answer every letter, but it is a physical impossibility, and she wants these boys and girls to know that it isn't neglect on her part that delays an acknowledgment of their letters."

Although she scarcely has time to think of them, she misses her former schoolmates just the same. Her mornings are spent with her tutor; her afternoons are more than filled with fittings, rehearsals for her Sunday broadcasts, make-up, learning new songs, experiments with new styles of hairdress and every afternoon at three o'clock a singing lesson.

She sees few motion pictures because of the lack of free evenings and, in short, Deanna is beginning to understand that with fame come responsibilities. The greatest drawback to her sudden popularity, she feels, is that she must give interviews.

"They ask me so many questions," she complained recently. But realizing that publicity is necessary to her career, she does her best. Probably they are the most non-committal interviews ever handed out by a star. She can answer questions with a "yes" or "no" and still be polite. She looks at you with an expression that says, "I don't want to do this, but I have to, and I'll be as nice as I can about it."

WHEN asked if she prefers history to algebra she will admit frankly that she gets bad marks in algebra. She is equally frank about everything, if one can be frank and amazingly reticent at the same time.

The day following her return from the East, Mr. Rogers was disturbed in his office by firm little footsteps walking up and down outside his office. Deanna was waiting to see him.

"They won't let me drive my new car," she cried, almost angrily. "They say I'm not old enough."

Mr. Rogers called the chief of police of the studio and learned the sad truth firsthand. Then he did things, and this major problem was solved forthwith by the issuance of a special permit which allows Deanna to drive her car within the confines of the studio lot. Deanna could smile again.

They are very clannish, this Durbin family. Nothing short of a disaster could keep any of them away from the Eddie Cantor broadcasts on which Deanna sings twice each Sunday. They gather at noon to see the first show. During the afternoon they visit and have a family dinner. In the evening they attend the second broadcast. Sometimes Mr. Cantor lets Deanna off from the second broadcast if she is working hard at the studio. She adores him and is grateful to him for giving her an opportunity to sing on his pro-



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gram, but she is glad and her audience disappointed, when she is let off once in awhile.

Deanna, though, wasn't brought to Hollywood to be put into the movies or on the air as so many children are. The Durbin family moved here from Winnipeg when Deanna was a year old to escape the rigors of the Canadian climate, which was undermining the health of her father.

Deanna was attending public school and doing all the things her schoolmates did, plus singing. At the same time, but entirely unbeknown to Deanna, M-G-M producers were scratching their heads over a scenario for the late Mme. Schumann-Heink. They were searching for a young girl who could sing, to portray the prima donna as a child. The casting director confided this to an actors' agent, who wasn't much interested but said he would keep his eyes open.

That very day a friend telephoned and told him of hearing Deanna sing. "The child is marvelous," she told him. A few hours later he heard her sing.

To Deanna it meant nothing to sing for him. Certainly she realized that it might mean a job, but singing was her job, a job she knew she could do well, so with the assurance of youth and no thought of stage fright, she gave her audition.

"I'm telling you, I had to hold onto my seat, I was so thrilled over her voice," the agent told me later, "and I had her out at M-G-M singing for the producer and casting director that afternoon."

Each person who heard her was more enthusiastic than the last and finally they telephoned to Louis B. Mayer, chief executive of the studio, who was in New York at the time, and he listened to Deanna sing over long-distance. She went home with a long-term contract in her pocket.

FROM then on Deanna attended school at the studio for three hours each day, the requirement for all children employed in a studio. Weeks went by, and Deanna experienced the fate of many another actress of far more experience. Madame Schumann-Heink was taken ill, and the picture was postponed time after time. Deanna was forgotten by everyone but the agent, who had faith in her. He got her on the Eddie Cantor program and about that time Universal began preparations for making "Three Smart Girls." The producers were interested in Deanna for the picture, but only if they could have her under contract.

With the passing of Madame Schumann-Heink, it seemed that Deanna's chances at her studio were at an end. Her agent went to the casting director and learned that he had no plans for her, so he asked for her release.

"Maybe I could get her a job some place else," he suggested. She was released and signed a contract with Universal to make "Three Smart Girls." Meanwhile she was growing more popular all the time on the radio. Mr. Mayer, in New York again, listened to her on the Sunday night broadcasts and chuckled with delight because his studio had such a "find" on its payroll. When he returned home he asked, "Well, what are we going to do with our little songbird?"

What happened when he learned that his little songbird had flown to another studio, I leave to your imagination. But it was too late to do anything about it except to rush Deanna into a short picture before her contract expired. Deanna doesn't care much for the short picture, "Every Sunday," which she made hurriedly. When asked if she didn't like the music, she replied, "Oh, the music was all right, but I didn't like the way they combed my hair."

The movies have had one bad effect on Deanna. In her first picture she had to bite her fingernails in one scene, a habit Deanna had never been allowed to practice. Pressed to do it "just for the picture," she found it such a delightful exhaust for fraught nerves that she continued it after the picture was finished. Now she must break herself of the bad habit all over again.

To date she is unspoiled about her success. Even her mother (the mothers usually become prima donnas before their children do) hasn't yet succumbed to the inevitable influence of constant deference, and she doesn't seem to me to be the kind who will. Deanna's money is being put into a trust fund.

Fate, luck or whatever you want to call it, may have furthered her career, of course, but there must be something in the quotation about the mouse-trap!

Wealthy and Wise

(*Continued from page 39*)

"I knew who started those reports about me. There wasn't any truth in them, but the only thing to do was to let them die out themselves." She is a wise young woman.

"I am twenty-six, you know," she reminded us.

But in experience, Sylvia is far wiser than her years.

There is Roumanian on her father's side, Russian on her mother's. Her parents come from a small town about a hundred miles east of Warsaw, the capital of Poland. When they lived there—before the World War—it was still a part of Russia.

Sylvia has the sophisticated traits of the Russian. By sophisticated, we mean freedom of personal actions, and thoughts unhampered by obvious conventions.

"My life," she says, "is an open book, but can I help it if a few of the pages are stuck together?"

On occasion she has been questioned about a few of the pages that are "stuck together." She resents this, for she has not quite learned that being a motion picture star means she is living in a figurative gold-fish bowl.

"There are personal things in my life that I can't share with everyone," Sylvia believes emphatically.

It was not so many moons ago, however, that Sylvia's name was linked with that of a producer whom, it was reported persistently, she was going to marry. As a matter of fact, her name has been linked with several in pictures.

Recently in Chicago, a reporter camped on Miss Sidney's doorstep at the hotel where she was stopping and prepared to follow her at a moment's notice, on the elopement she was supposedly about to enjoy.

BUT I was not there to elope with anyone. Even if I had wanted to," she added, "I couldn't have, for I hadn't yet received my final decree of divorce from my husband." That was Bennett Cerf, her

first and, to date, only husband. "I was married and lived in a suburb just outside of the city. But my intrepid interviewer wouldn't believe *that*.

"It was like that when I first went to Hollywood," and she shook her head without much pleasure at the memory. "I was interviewed and asked some of the most extraordinary questions that I've ever listened to. I don't see why, just because one is in pictures, she should be asked questions that are not only personal but insultingly so. I turned around and asked the interviewer the same questions put to me. That didn't set so well. Someday I'd like to memorize a long list of scorching questions to pop at such people.

"I wasn't married at that time, but I've been married since, and I don't care to speak of it. My marriage is ancient history now, anyway. I'm no longer married, and I shan't marry again."

"Never is a long time," we remarked. There was no answer to this. Miss Sidney's face is firmly set.

"Have you ever been to a fortune-teller?"

She smiled broadly. "I had my fortune told by one in a tea-room. She told me I was going to fall in love three times."

"And be married?" we asked.

Sylvia shook her head. "She didn't say anything about marriage. Only about falling in love." She smiled cryptically.

You can take it or leave it about Sylvia's not remarrying. At the moment, she is having a happy time furnishing her new New York apartment. An interior decorator is going to fix it up for her along the simple lines she has in mind, and when she returns East after finishing her new talkie, "Dead End," her apartment will be ready for her. There'll be a house-warming—and all her old New York friends in attendance. Sylvia's not the kind of girl who lacks amusing company, for she's amusing herself and almost recklessly interested in having fun.

Much has been said about Miss Sidney's love for books. Not a mention of books when we saw her. She may enjoy them, but she's no walking library. Her real knowledge doesn't come from books, anyway. It comes from people. She's a very shrewd judge of human nature. She doesn't always follow her own hunches, but when she does, she is invariably right. Sometimes, she gives a person a long loop of rope because she doesn't want to hurt his feelings. Sometimes, she prefers to hurt feelings and have done with it.

She's a many sided girl. She enjoys simplicity. She enjoys her popularity. She enjoys her work. And yet, she has lapses into intense moodiness when she has to be by herself to work it off. She appears much taller and bigger on the screen than she is.

"That's because I usually have tall leading men," she explains. "When you see me on the screen with them it is a closeup or semi-closeup or else a long-shot, so taken that I am built up, and my chin comes above their shoulders. If I weren't built up to look taller, you wouldn't be able to see me. My head would barely touch the leading man's shoulder."

But though small in stature, Sylvia is tall in other respects, and she has a very clever head on her slim shoulders.

"Have you ever done any writing?" we inquired apropos of this.

"No. I don't know the first thing about it."

"You know how to live, don't you?" we asked.

She does.

"Well, writing is just simplified living."

But Sylvia is dubious, and time can wait, for she is still young—a free agent and—healthy, wealthy, and wise.

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Flying to Fame

(*Continued from page 38*)

novel to do. But the joke proved to be on me.

"When the test was run off, Mr. Schulberg wanted me to start work at once. Of course, I couldn't. In the first place, there was no one to replace me on the airline, and I couldn't leave them flat during our busiest season. However, after some discussion, I was signed to begin work the following September, which was just about a year ago."

John Trent was born on his father's orange ranch in California. He was christened La Verne Brown and held firmly to the name until that eventful day that one of his passengers turned out to be a talent-finding movie producer. Being a fatalist, La Verne accepted this new stroke of luck much in the manner he has accepted life in general. "It's just one of those things," he'll tell you philosophically.

After completing his education as an electrical engineer, he immediately took up aviation as a career. His wish was to be a transport pilot and, with this aim in view, he began saving for a plane of his own. The day finally arrived when he actually bought one, thereby inaugurating his flying career practically and in earnest. Around the country he went barnstorming —which, as a matter of fact, is doing any and all things with a plane in order to pile up the hours of flying time required for a transport pilot's license.

"I barnstormed all over the south and middle west, getting everything from a dollar to a sack of corn as fare for a ride," Trent admitted with a twinkle in his eye. "We certainly had *some* times, too,— lots of thrills but no spills."

SPEAKING of them, John declares his greatest thrill, or scare—whichever you prefer to call it—came on his initial run as a co-pilot; that is, his first really exciting experience. Indeed, it was comparable only to his first day of facing the camera out in Movieville.

"After introducing myself to the pilot and noting his amused expression, of course I should have been on," John admitted, "for he certainly realized that I was plenty green. Anyway, it wasn't long after taking off that we ran into a thunder storm. Well, I had seen storms before, but always from the ground. That's where *we* stayed when I was piloting my own ship. Yep, we'd park safely on terra firma and indulge in a little poker with a glass of "cawn" to keep us warmed up.

"Not here though! Right into the middle of this big, bad, black one, we flew, and the only thing you could see besides the instrument panel, were jagged streaks of lightning. The pilot asked me to consult the maps and see where we were, as he didn't have the slightest idea! Said, not only that he didn't know, but couldn't be bothered about it, since that was my job. Well, the only thing I knew for sure was that maps or no maps, I'd probably meet my Maker any minute.

"However, we landed safely, and I asked my 'friend' if they encountered many of these storms. He promptly assured me that there were plenty with most of them heavier than the 'light' shower we'd been through. That was just about all I needed, and I don't mind telling you that I certainly spent a little time right then and there contemplating my future.

"Of course, what the pilot neglected to say was that he was flying the radio beam and could have gone around the storm if he'd wanted to. These little details I learned later and had a good laugh over the ride I'd been taken for!

"My next big fright, which was really a thrill as I think of it now, occurred the first time I faced a camera. Well, I was so scared that they had to take the scene over and over. As a matter of fact, when it was finally done to the director's satisfaction, they began calling me 'fifty take Trent.' That gives you an idea of how the camera threw me for a loss. Indeed, one of the men on the set said, 'Say, if we don't get on with this picture these kids will all be character actors by the time we finish!' Anyway, with the help of a patient director and a little outside coaching, I finally got the hang of things.

"My knowledge of aviation helps a lot in acting. Basically, believe it or not, they are comparable, for each, more or less, concerns relaxation and freedom from nerves. If you're acting, you have to walk into a room apparently unselfconsciously, timing yourself so as to arrive at a given point on a set speech. In flying, you must be equally relaxed and never become nervous or tense, for if you do, there'll be real trouble at the controls. Then, too, if there is anything that seems to go wrong, it's the pilot's or co-pilot's job to reassure the passengers. So, it's pretty important to be composed under all circumstances."

ROUGHLY SPEAKING, we'd say that John Trent is completely at ease. There is a naturalness and self-assurance about this native son of California that is phenomenal in a newcomer. In fact, insofar as poise is concerned, John starts out with what it took Robert Taylor almost a year of success to acquire. He promises to become a very popular screen personality. With fan mail pouring in before he's hardly begun, Trent seems a little bewildered by the rapidity with which things are happening about him.

He confesses that to date he's had only one disappointment in his brief movie career. That was when he had looked forward to piloting a plane on a publicity trip which he took for the studio. The purpose of this tour was to deliver prints of his second picture, "A Doctor's Diary," to exhibitors throughout the country and so, meet the people who were to show his films. An advanced starting date on his following production prevented the trip. Now, he is looking forward to the time he may be able to make it.

Trent confesses that he'd like sometime to do an aviation story. That would give him a chance not only to act, but be of service on the technical end of the production. There would be no blunders in *this* flying film, for he would be right on the spot to correct any errors that might happen, as only a person with his practical experience could.

"You see, in many aviation pictures, they make one common mistake," John explained. "You invariably see the pilot at the controls calmly gazing out of the window at the passing scenery. In the first place, no pilot takes his eyes off the instrument panel, with the possible exception of an occasional glance out to see whether it is clear or clouding up. Then, of course, there isn't anything to see anyway, as you fly at a high altitude, and there's nothing around but clouds and—more clouds!

"Well, I'm going to try to see to it that my picture—should I have one—doesn't commit such mistakes—and some of the others I've seen so often. There was one, for instance, that showed the side windows beside the pilot caked with snow and ice. Well, that never happens, no matter how cold it gets, because ice can't form there, due to the strong wind created by the motors, added to the terrific force of that induced by air speed. All these things are details perhaps, but to me, or to anyone who knows flying, they stick out like the traditional sore thumb."

We are now waiting to see John Trent in "The Great Gambini," in which picture he plays a romantic role. It isn't, to be sure, the flying film he's been waiting for, but it should do nicely until that one comes along. En passant, let us say that J.T. likes the movies muchly, but, nevertheless, still retains his standing as reserve pilot with his old airline at the nominal salary of a dollar a month. Just in case? Well, maybe.

Don's True Love Story

(*Continued from page 27*)

too, I take that back. He bought himself his car And he's mad about the races. And he has a passion for barber-pole striped ties. Otherwise, he has no extravagances. I have to do his shopping or there just wouldn't be any done. I even bought his suits, such few as there were, before we came to Hollywood. Now that he is here. he realizes that he must dress well, and so he goes to a tailor. The other day," laughed Honore, "he wanted a pair of shorts to play tennis in. He didn't have any. He was wearing a pair of long white ducks. He got a pair of scissors and then and there, cut them off to his knees. The effect was sort of scalloped, to say the least."

I managed to say, "But will this go on? Don't you think he'll change, you'll both change? I mean, won't it get you, the Troc'ing, the glamorizing?"

"No," said Honore Ameche, "Don won't change. We won't change. I'll tell you why. It's because the babies are our whole lives. We're interested in them and each other. He isn't one bit different from the boy I used to 'go with,' meet Saturday afternoons for the movies or to visit an ice-cream parlor. Seldom both. Because we never had more than fifty cents to spend. It never mattered. It doesn't now. Don would tell me what a fine lawyer he was going to be and I believed in him. I knew he would make good then, as now."

And then Honore Ameche told me something of that young romance, of how Don's father, afraid that the lad would do something premature, sent him away to Marquette University, how they didn't meet again, save once, for six years. And that once was after Don had joined the Jackson Stock Company at Madison, Wisconsin. Honore saw the show and met him afterwards and didn't think she liked him very well. It was the only time she ever wavered.

More time passed and they met again. They knew what they had always known. And Don's young ardor flamed hot and high and the phone in Honore's home rang daily, nightly, hourly. Letters poured in, flowers, books, candies.

And when, at last, Don had the ring, he motored nearly three hundred miles in the



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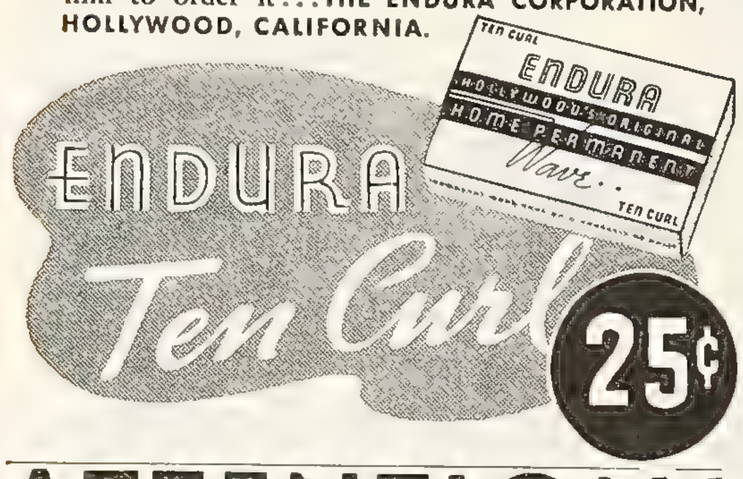
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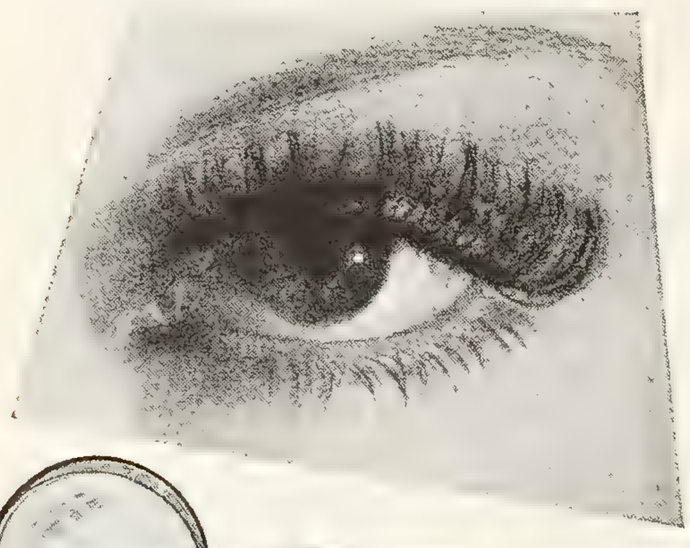
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dead of night, to give it to her. She waited up for him and, in the kitchen of the home where all of the romancing of Honore and her brothers and sisters had taken place, at three-thirty in the morning, Don placed the modest ring on her finger.

DAWN came over the midwestern prairies. The kitchen-faucets dripped. Birds stirred in their nests. They neither knew, nor cared. Honore was in a dog's palace with her young Florentine lover. Don was off on the strong wings of one of his songs. And there was something fitting in that the betrothal, the giving of the ring took place in a homely kitchen, surrounded by the warm realities of living—among which they still live, and always will.

"We've never had any money to spare," Honore was telling me. "We're saving, putting everything we can into trust funds and annuities and educational funds for the children, so that, in a few years, we'll be able to travel and see the world and have some fun. There have been the heavy expenses of the babies' births. Don has bought a small ranch for Grandma and Grandpa Ameche. Then there are his younger sisters and brothers, most of them still in schools. They come out here in the summer. This ring," said Mrs. Don, displaying, with refreshing pride, the lovely star sapphire girt with small diamonds, "Don gave me this last Christmas. I was supposed to have had it Christmas before last. But we had the baby instead." (A *baby* instead of a star sapphire! O, Hollywood, O Tempora, O Mores, what *are* we coming to?)

"But to go back home," smiled Mrs. Don. "Gabriel went to school with Don back home. Don used to help Gabe, an orphan, adopted by the good Brothers, with his Latin. And Gabe conceived for Don one of those devotions, those life-long fealties which make us know that Damon and Pythias really lived. In Gabe's eyes, as in mine, Don can do no wrong.

"Then, after we married and Don's work increased and the babies came and I was so ill and Don doing two jobs, his and mine, Gabriel came to help us out. I don't know now what we could do without him. He cooks like a streak. He takes care of the babies as efficiently as I do. He takes care of Don's clothes and is with him at the studio most of the time lately. Don, by the way, is no business man at all. He knows nothing whatsoever about insurance and income taxes and things like that. I take care of all that sort of thing.

"And then there's Anne. She came to us while we were in Chicago, too. And she and I divide up the work of the house and the babies. If Anne is busy cooking or something, I bathe and dress the babies. If Anne is with them I do the washing and ironing. They are in no sense of the word servants. They are members of our family. They all, Don, Gabe, Anne, the babies, call me 'Honey.' We all call Don 'Daddy.'

"Anne and Gabriel have their friends in, as we do ours, together or not as the case may be. They dance and play games and use the radio in the living-room. Sometimes we get someone to stay with the children and all four of us go to the movies. Saturday nights we often pile into the car and drive to Venice and go on the merry-go-rounds and to the fortune tellers and everywhere. We have a lot of fun. We just all pitch in together and get the chores done. Don does his share, too, if he has to. Of course, he doesn't have much time now, what with the studio and the radio work. But he's just as handy around the house and with the babies, as any one of us. And he's the most marvellous disciplinarian. I give him credit for the good behavior of our first child. I was so ill after his birth that the full care of the baby fell to Don. He did everything for him. And I must say he did a masterly job.

"There is never an unkind word in our home. It is the one thing that Don and I demand of our home—that it be perfectly harmonious. We wouldn't have regular servants now, not even if we needed them, not while Gabe and Anne are with us. It might place them in sort of equivocal positions. If and when Don and I do have company and want to be sort of 'elegant,' Anne and Gabe don uniforms. Gabe cooks, and they serve a marvellous dinner with all the finesse of accomplished retainers. They understand that this is part of the set-up, and they love it and enjoy the masquerade and never for one instant step out of character. It's simply a case of our being one for all and all for one, and there's never been one uncomfortable moment for any of us. Don dislikes the idea of servants. There is something in his sensitiveness which rebels against giving orders, drawing that sharp distinction between himself and his fellow man or woman. He just can't be the overlord. The autocrat isn't in him.

"It's all of a piece, too, the way he refuses to 'put on airs,' pretending to condescension he doesn't feel. He's too human, he's too raw to the hurt or the humbleness of others for anything like that."

Which is true of Don Ameche. True that he would never have any part of that erasing of and then rewriting the humbler pages of his "past." He wouldn't put a 'tiara' on his mother, who wears her motherhood, he says, as the only tiara she needs. He will not conceal the fact that his grandpappy kidnapped horses, that his Dad drove a taxi and became, later, the best saloon-keeper in Kenosha, Wis., where Dominic Felix was born. Said Don, "He was the best saloon-keeper in the business. No man ever left his place drunk. I don't see any sense in changing the story. I'm proud of it, not ashamed."

It's all of a piece, too, with the way he talks of the days when he was working in Kenosha with a gang of city workmen, rounding square street corners. That, he says, was the all-time low in futility!

He enjoys reminiscing about the days when he dug ditches, socked an Irish foreman, worked in a mattress factory testing the comfort of the finished product; the summer he spent loading one hundred pound bags of cement onto trucks, rather than stressing the fact that he attended four colleges, Columbia, in Iowa; Marquette, in Illinois; Georgetown in Washington, D. C. and the University of Wisconsin. He will lay emphasis on the fact that while the universities added to his store of knowledge, there wasn't a degree in the carload.

"I had the instincts of a minstrel," said Don. "I couldn't stand more than a year in any one place."

"He has only one idiosyncrasy," Mrs. Don told me, "only one trait which might be called temperamental. He can't eat his dinners at home! He doesn't like to know what he is going to eat. He likes to have a choice. He likes to have lots of people and lots of talk and noise around him."

The result? Almost every night in the week Don and Mrs. Don are to be seen dining at the Beverly Brown Derby.

And all of a piece, too, the way "juicers," property men, waiters, the toughest "critics" this side of Jordan, give him the beamish smile, the out-stretched hand whenever he is around.

"He's grand," declare his studio associates.

"He's so attractive," choruses feminine America.

"He's so good," says his wife.

Gee, Those Kids Are Wonderful!

(*Continued from page 35*)

He knew what I was dreaming. But how? His room is considerably down the hall from mine. I had, he told me, made no sound. Can you explain that? I can't.

"Our attorney was at the house the other night," resumed Aunt Cissie. "Freddie was on the floor playing with his electric trains, as any child likes to do. I left the room for a moment. I returned to find Freddie and our attorney involved in the most technical and legal disputation, having to do with maritime law. Freddie came forth with a quotation from Bowditch's 'Practical Navigator.' He won the argument. The attorney said, 'He knows fine legal points I have forgotten, if I ever knew them. When did he read Bowditch?' 'He never did,' I said.

IT isn't only in specific instances like this that Freddie constantly confounds me. It is the mature philosophy which seems to permeate his whole life. He never reads his reviews, for an instance. When I asked him one day why he isn't interested in what people say about his work, he said, 'When I'm working I do the very best I can. If it's good, that's fine, but I don't need to hear about it. If it's bad, I'm sorry but there's nothing I can do about it once it's done, so why read about it? I want to go on to other things.'

"He is two years ahead of his age in school work. He studies trigonometry, Latin, general science. And what is even more illuminating, he loves his work. He coöperates with his teacher, he coöperates with me, in every particular.

"He has, also, a sense of humor. I said to him recently, 'Freddie, when you grow up, you may want to be a director, a writer and an actor—you seem to have ability in all three lines.' 'All right, darling,' grinned Freddie, 'but when would I sleep?'

"He seems to have the sensitiveness to suffering, the fine humor of life which comes, ordinarily, only after many, many years of living. Perhaps," said Aunt Cissie, "there have been many, many years . . ."

GEE, those kids are wonderful!

I recall the time, years ago, when Jackie Coogan, having just made his great success in "The Kid," with Charlie Chaplin, came to New York. He was being entertained one day by an eminent editor. In course of conversation the editor said to him, "Give us an imitation of Chaplin, will you, Jackie?" The child looked at him, something inscrutable in his eyes and answered smoothly, "I never imitate Mr. Chaplin. Nobody could." There was only the slightest stress on the "Mr." It was a reproof so subtle, so delicately done that it has remained stamped, indelibly, on my mind.

It was then, for the first time, that I began to perceive something beyond clever mimicry in these children. I began to suspect that they are not, most of them, merely soft pieces of clay which are moulded and set in shapes and taught to go through their motions by adept directors. Meet them in any walk of life, confront them with any situation, personal, social, professional, and they will meet each one with adult ease, with intuitive, age-old wisdom and sensitivity. And yet, they're not obnoxious child prodigies—they're real kids at heart.



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I TALKED, the other day, with young Bonita Granville, aged fourteen, on the set of "It's Love I'm After." Nearby sat the stars, Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, engaged, I felt sure, and with all due respect to their unquestioned intelligences, in a conversation far less adult than ours—or rather, Bonita's. For Bonita was discussing the horrendous child she played, a year ago, in "These Three." I said, "What did you think of her, Bonita?"

And Bonita replied gravely, "I felt awfully sorry for her. I felt a great pity for her. I know that she was, primarily, the victim of her environment. Her grandmother had spoiled her miserably and completely, you see. Until her only law was her own law. She knew no other. I've read quite a lot about the theories of the environmentalists and the behaviorists. I believe that the behaviorists have the last word. I suppose heredity plays its part, of course. But I do believe that that part is relatively small and can be guided by environment. I know that my behavior would be quite different from what it is if mother . . ." she grinned at her small, gentle mother, "if mother had not brought me up as she has."

I gasped, not so much at what Bonita was saying, as at the way in which she was saying it. Not as a precocious child who knows, and is exhibitionistically enjoying the effect she produces, but sensibly, in an ordinary conversational vein.

Bonita ran onto the stage to do a scene. Her mother murmured, with somewhat the same look of mystification as had veiled Aunt Cissie's eyes, "I don't understand how Bonita works as she does. She never studies her lines. She reads her scripts through once, very thoroughly, and then never looks at them again. She never so much as pulls down her dress or touches her hair when she is called to the set."

Leslie Howard remarked to me later, "She is the only actress I have ever played with, or actor, for that matter, who never goes up on her lines, is never flustered, has a surety of touch which is astonishing. All the more astonishing because she is much too highly strung."

Gee whiz, those kids are wonderful.

WHEN Shirley Temple was training with Jack Donahue for "Captain January," she couldn't seem to get one of the dance routines. Jack was puzzled. He had never known Shirley to fumble before. Later in the day Bill Robinson came on the set. He asked Shirley howcome she was missing out. She whispered confidentially, "Uncle Billy, I didn't really fumble the steps. I knew them all right. But you taught me to do this routine your way, and I didn't think I ought to give it away to anyone else."

On the set of "Heidi," recently, a rapacious reporter appeared. She drew Shirley aside and pinned her down with question marks. She said finally, "Tell me, Shirley, John Ford is your favorite director, isn't he?" Shirley moved away, and as she left, she said, "I think Mr. Ford is very, very nice." She had answered the undiplomatic question, with delicate, evasive diplomacy. She had answered, and she hadn't answered at all. It was a politic *piece de resistance.*

Shirley's mother told me how, at a formal luncheon recently given, one of the grown-up guests spilled a glass of water and was consequently embarrassed. And Shirley, reacting immediately to the lady's embarrassment said, "That's perfectly all right. I just spilled some peas in my lap!"

A very distinguished newspaper man was visiting Shirley. They were in the studio portrait gallery together. The eminent journalist was so excited at meeting the First Lady of the Juveniles that he was at a complete loss for words. But Shirley saved that situation by asking animatedly, "Do you know any riddles, Mr. ——?" That gave the uneasy gentleman his cue. He did know some riddles—and, instantly, he was at his ease.

Daddy George Temple told me, "Shirley frequently answers the phone herself, at home or in her dressing-room. She does it with such an adult, non-committal voice that no one ever suspects it is Shirley they are talking to. When they ask for her mother or for me, Shirley asks who it is; says, 'Just a moment, please,' and that is that. Only once did she have a contretemps. She slipped off her chair, plopped on the floor, reached at once for the telephone and said calmly, 'Will you repeat the message please? There's a lot of noise in here."

Time, place, circumstance or personage make no difference to the control, the perfect poise of Shirley. On the set of "Heidi," Shirley had long lines to speak and was supposed to pause when she heard the sound of a trumpet, which was to be blown by a prop-man as a sign that the goat herd was coming. The prop-man, however, engrossed in the scene, forgot to blow the horn. Director Allan Dwan hastily substituted a long "Baah," like a sheep. The whole company collapsed into suppressed laughter. But not Shirley. Shirley went right on with her lines without even a perceptible pause, and the scene was "in the box." Grown-up actors, said Director Dwan, would have halted and lost the scene, had they been making it. Shirley, the trouper, impervious to all extraneous incidents, smoothly saved it.

ONE of the ingredients of genius is, certainly, poise. Another seems to be deep, warm kindness of heart. When young Jane Withers, aged eleven, was making a recent personal appearance tour in the East, she found that the manager of the Palace Theatre in Cleveland, where Jane played, had upped the admission price from fifteen cents to a quarter for children. Many of the children came from distant parts of the city and had only their carfare and their fifteen cents. Jane noticed that they were being turned away. She rushed to the manager and said, "Please let them in whether they have enough pennies or not—and take it out of my salary." Needless to add that the youngsters were all admitted, and that the manager, being a gentleman, left Jane's salary free of deductions.

At a children's party Jane recently attended, one youngster was severely admonished by her mother for pointing at people. The little girl's woebegone face touched Jane's warm heart. And promptly and with apparent solemnity Jane said, "The only thing it's polite to point at is—*French pastry.*" At which everyone, including the child's mother, laughed so heartily that the little girl stopped crying.

Several hundred youngsters, having had word-of-mouth information that Jane had gone into a Hollywood theatre one Saturday afternoon, waited in long queues for three hours until Jane came out, after the double-feature bill. And when Jane did appear, hundreds and hundreds of small, grubby autograph books were pressed upon her. The grown-ups in Jane's party, fearful that Jane would be exhausted, told her to get into the car, after the first fifty autographs. But Jane said, quietly, aside, 'If they had patience to stay here and wait three hours for autographs, I certainly ought to take the time to write them." And she did.

There is poetry in these children and pity, and there is, also, practicality. For instance, while Jane was motoring with her

father a few days ago, she saw a motorcycle stuck in the mud, the owner vainly trying to extricate it. Jane, who has learned to rope expertly under the tutelage of the late Will Rogers' teacher, Shorty Miller, for her current role in "Wild And Woolly," suggested that they help him. She lassoed the handlebars slickly, and Papa Withers and the cyclist then took the rope and pulled the cycle out. When the extricated cyclist tried to thank her, she said, "Well, it just goes to show that everything we learn comes in handy sometime."

Another instance of the practicality of Jane's mind came to light when, the other day, her teacher, Miss Lola Figland, was reviewing the geography lesson about the five thrifty little nations of Europe—Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Switzerland. She pointed out that the number of people to the square mile, seven hundred, couldn't possibly live on what they produce on the land. "How," queried Miss Figland, "do you suppose they manage to live?" Jane answered, "If they can't find enough on the land, they can find the balance in the sea."

Jane, too, has her sly humor. In the schoolroom the other day, Miss Figland was looking at a picture of herself taken with Jane. Only the back of the teacher's head showed. Jane said consolingly, "Never mind, Teacher, everyone will know it is you because that big hairpin is sticking out as it always does!"

ONE could make a monumental mosaic of the marvelousness of these kids. But out of the mystery which obscures the answer to the riddle of how, in their little packet of years, they have managed to acquire what the majority of adults never acquire, three deductions emerge: One is that they seem to be, all of them, amenable to discipline, coöperative with their parents, their teachers, their directors. In other words, they are *good* children. They contradict the theory that genius finds lodging in children who are unmanageable and rebellious.

The other deduction is that they, all of them, are possessed of complete poise and self-possession.

The third is that they seem to share, in common, deep and unusual kindness of heart, consideration for others, compassion which holds out their small hands in helpfulness.

I can't explain it. It may be the result of intensive training at home. It may be that they were born more psychic than the average child. Or it may be, as Freddie Bartholomew's Aunt Cissie suggested—reincarnation. I'm not sure. I can only fall back, I fear, on the inept amazement of, "Gee, those kids are wonderful!"

Stay Young with the Stars

(*Continued from page 37*)

ing, oily cream before they do appear. How can you tell when to begin? Well, perhaps last winter, you noticed with surprise that your skin seemed dry. You may never have given a thought to creams before, beyond a good, routine cold cream for cleansing. But there is the first warning—that dryness. I repeat, it isn't that a few lines in themselves are so terrible. All of us who really live and endure a full life's worries and cares are bound to collect a few character marks as we go along. In

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fact, I despise a blank, smooth, characterless face on an older person. But it's the webbed, wrinkled look that starts with the drying out of the skin at thirty and ends in an old, tired skin at forty, and which can be prevented, that I want you to guard against.

The old so-called tissue creams used to be horrible, heavy, greasy affairs. Nowadays, all the good brands are pleasant to use. Just a thin film is all that's necessary and a seemingly expensive jar will last and last. You needn't, if you don't want to, leave the cream on overnight. Put it on before you take a bath, and let the warmth from the tub help the oils to penetrate into your skin. Let the cream stay on for twenty minutes or half an hour while you're dressing or busy doing odd jobs around the house. Don't forget your neck, either. At least twice a week, let the neck enjoy a good, softening cream-bath, too.

WATCH the upper arms and the waistline. A thickened, mature fleshiness seems to settle upon these parts of the body as we get older. Sometimes, even though one is not actually too heavy, the settled, mature look comes just the same. 'Tis a lack of suppleness which causes it, and exercises will prevent and correct that fault. Such a loss of youth's suppleness is devastating to all sizes and shapes, but particularly so to short women. The movie stars are short, almost without exception. (When a girl five feet six or seven hits Hollywood, they look upon her as an Amazon.) The movie stars' bare arms, in evening gowns, must keep the slim, willowy look of youth. And the waistline—well, of course, it goes without saying that it must keep that trim, nipped-in look. Did you obsoive Miss Colbert in her skating costume in "I Met Him in Paris"? All over the theatre, I heard them whispering, "Doesn't she look adorable!" And a skating costume, dears, is about the most difficult garment to wear with its snug fit and short skirt.

WELL, there now, those are the salient points of youthfulness, I think: The texture of the skin, the jaw line, the brow, the upper arms, the waistline. Graying hair doesn't matter. You can dye it—rather, have it dyed, by the best possible hair artist you can afford. Or you can let it get gray, which, with your clear, lovely skin, good figure and young, sparkling eyes, will only render you that much more distinguished. A word about the care of gray and white hair. It needs frequent laundering to look its best, but everyone knows that soap is inclined to give it a yellowish cast. Write me for the best shampoo to use. It's good for all shades of hair, by the way, but particularly helpful for gray-ladies and delicate blondes. It works up into a lather like lightning. Only a little is needed to give a thorough shampoo. You need no rinses afterwards—just a good sousing with clear water.

As we get older, we must learn to be better and better make-up artists. We can't use the same casual dab of lipstick and puff of powder we used when we were twenty-one. If powder is used, it should be first reinforced with a powder base—the liquid ones, delightfully tinted to every known flesh tone—are the best. This base should be applied sparingly, evenly and carefully. Then use the lightest textured powder you can find, perhaps in two shades—a darker shade for the jowl line, where you are a bit too heavy, or for the nose, which is too prominent. Powder should cover the face and neck, leaving no line of demarcation. If you use rouge, it must be cream rouge, for cake rouge has a drying effect. The merest flush of rouge under the chin, if one's chin is too heavy, will

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reduce that annoying feature. You yourself must determine whether or not you are the type to get away with mad shades of lipstick and a dash of eye-shadow, or whether you should wear only the merest touch of rose-shaded lipstick and look sweet rather than sophisticated. I can really give only one rule for make-up for us older gals: Experiment for yourself and use your judgment. When in doubt, don't.

As we get older, too, we must all learn to be our own fashion advisers. We must study lines. For the woman with a heavy bust, a deep V neckline narrows her like magic. Heavy hips lose inches when a floor length sash of contrasting color to the gown is allowed to fall down the left-side-front of the figure. On tall, heavy women, the judicious use of long fringe, applied on a slanting line, gives evening dresses glamor. Do not think you must stick completely to black, navy and brown as you get older. The wine shades of red are made for you; they give the skin a glow. Spring green. Soft blues. Prints. And if you're very thin, the big splashy prints will give you needed fullness. But always soft colors—the mad shades are for the young. If your hair is white or gray, don't wear white or gray next to your face. A touch of pink at the neckline, if you please.

Be careful about the length of jackets as you get older. The very short, nipped-in and bolero effects are also for the young. Suit jackets should be at least hip length. Have a number of extra jackets in your wardrobe, which can be worn with various things. You may soothe your yearning for an occasional bright color with gay scarves, buckles, buttons, flowers and other gadgets. But heavy women, please, always tack scarves, belts and such in place, so that they won't fly in the breezes or shift around and make you look bigger than you are.

AS we get older, we must settle upon a definite coiffure. Our hair must be "fixed" every day—that quaint old custom which nearly went out with the event of the casual, long bob. In general, I'd say that the lines which sweep up and give height and dignity, even though one is tall, are best. I like a short crisp bob on older women only when the hair is naturally wavy or curly and adaptable enough to "stay put." If your hair is long, the style of hair-do I like best is what used to be called the Elsie Ferguson coiffure, remember? Adapted a little—not so full around the face as it used to be fashionable to wear one's hair, but that general idea. This is the way to do it: Divide the hair across the crown, leaving the more generous half to the back. Roll the back hair up fan-wise, and smooth it across the crown of your head. Then take the front part and arrange it over this padding effect. You may part it where you wish, and soften it at ears and temples as you wish. Tuck the ends in by twisting the hair to the right or left and poking the ends under If you have a lot of hair, you should have it thinned for this coiffure, for the line of the head will be lost, if you have too abundant tresses.

If your hair is rather short and thick and you don't wish to wear a bob, a charming effect is attained by swirling the hair to one side of the head and rolling and tucking till all the ends are out of sight. This can only be done with short, thick hair. It gives the look of the old French roll. The roll should be placed a little to one side of the center of the head and extend from the crown to the nape of the neck. Of course, the hair should be waved at front and sides and softened some around the face, or the effect will be freakish rather than charming.

Well, I hope I haven't made you all feel



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10c for package of 2 rinses, at 10c stores; 25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.

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Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

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by this article that you have one foot in the grave or something.

There's only time left to offer this month's present. An individual package of handy little squares of tissue to carry in your purse. Dandy for removing lipstick from the paws when you repair the face in public. Very handy, too, to fix that bad line of the mouth when the paint job doesn't go on so well. Address the coupon to Mary Marshall, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., for this little gift.

Mary Marshall, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send the Lipstick Tissue samples, at no cost to me.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 16*)

$1.00 Prize Letter
Can You Think Up Some, Too?

Wouldn't it be funny if it were:
Gary Fenser instead of Cooper?
Tom Black instead of Brown?
Fredric Halt instead of March?
Toby Head instead of Wing?
Robert Hemstitcher instead of Taylor?
Chuck Bones instead of Buck Jones?
Grace Less instead of Moore?
Paula Rock instead of Stone?
Buster Happy instead of Crabbe?
Norma Clipper instead of Shearer?
Bob Sizzles instead of Burns?
Loretta Old instead of Young?
Mae North instead of West?
Johnny Ups instead of Downs?—Katherine Pasco, Fresno, Calif.

$1.00 Prize Letter
"Only" a Western

I would like to say a word in behalf of Western pictures and Western players. It's true, they win no Academy Awards, but there are a-plenty worse pictures made.

Most of us, I am sure, harbor a false vanity toward them. We like to call them "blood and thunders," and scoff, in general, but if the truth were known, the majority of us still warm up to such lines as "Meet me at the hideout," and "Head him off at Devil's Gulch." And, what's more, we still like to see the hero save the homestead and get the girl. The trouble is, we won't admit it—not even to ourselves.

Many of us underestimate the acting in Westerns, too. We are prone to think that any actor, who specializes in horses, lariats and six-shooters, is sure to be a punk second-rater. But this is far from true. —Albert C. Keller, DeSoto, Mo.

The battle is still raging, and the question, "Who is King of Feminine Hearts—Bob Taylor or Tyrone Power?", hasn't been settled yet. Here are excerpts from just a handful of your letters. At this stage, Bob is far ahead of Ty. Remember, your votes will decide who will be King.—The Editor.

From the Taylor-ites

Boy, is my dander up, but I guess I might as well cool down and continue to worship Nebraska's own gift to womankind from

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• "Here are two sure ways to rid me of fleas! Powerful SKIP-FLEA POWDER positively kills fleas. Doesn't just *stun* them. They *stay* dead! Big sifter-top tin costs only 25¢! One application lasts for days. Famous SKIP-FLEA SOAP gives rich, creamy lather. Makes my coat supple, keeps my coat beautiful, destroys dog odor, KILLS EVERY FLEA! 25¢ for big cake."

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Color of your hair?.....

afar, ignoring the mud pies being thrown at my hero's head, for such must be the price of fame.—*Opal Kostenbader, Sciota Mills, Ill.* At present I have 151 pictures and 76 articles of my handsome hero, so there's no doubt my vote goes to him.—*Jean Myers, Naperville, Ill.* If Taylor would get a haircut, he wouldn't have to worry about handing over his crown to Ty. Otherwise he's tops with me.—*Louise Brooks, Northampton, Mass.* Let them turn against Bob for all the Tyrones in the world, but I'm going to stick by him.—*Daisy Bess Brown, Grandfield, Okla.* Bob has a clean-cut, masculine-looking profile, while Tyrone's is feminine.—*Movie Fan.* Ty Power may have a little more assurance in his acting, but he is a well-known type (like Buddy Rogers), while there's an "American-home-and-fireside" quality about Bob that is entirely his.—*Vera Sheldon, Brooklyn, N. Y.* Power is too much in love with life, himself, and getting ahead, ever to hold a firm place in American hearts. He won't last in pictures. Taylor will go far.—*Janet Colvin, Huntington Beach, Calif.* Power has the dumbest looking pan I ever saw.—*Cecelia Schwarz, New York, N. Y.* Bob's a grand fellow. Don't break him down by any petty remarks.—*Ruth Watanabe, Dinuba, Calif.* Power is a playboy. He goes with three girls while Taylor only goes with one. Power's legs look like those of a crane, and his face looks like the inside of a lemon pie. I'd be satisfied if I never saw that guy in another picture.—*J. T. Taylor, Tex.*

From the Power-ites

Tyrone Power is tall, dark and handsome, while Bob Taylor is merely tall and dark.—*Dorothy Saunders, No. Platte, Neb.* Ty gives me an awfully nice feeling when he looks at the heroine in that attractive manner of his. I just won't miss one of his pictures.—*Thelma L. Smith.* The crown that Valentino wore is not slipping, it has just been polished up and is being worn again after lying useless for a decade. Once again we are investing in scrapbooks, jars of paste and shears; again we are sending our hard-earned quarters for a precious, signed photograph. Power is King.—*Mrs. H. Tallman, Omaha, Neb.* I saw "Camille" against my better judgment and got stung. To me it was a series of stills—Garbo, Taylor, Garbo, Taylor. I think Power has it all over Taylor.—*Helen Berry, Ephrata, Wash.* Please make him a College Romeo and put him in a college picture.—*Helen Cook, Rennsselaer, N. Y.* I never want to see Taylor again as long as I live! His face, mainly, gets on my nerves.—*E. Lea, Wynnwood, Pa.*

From the Neutral-ites

Personally, I wouldn't crown either one of them King, but I should like to crown the one who started all this commotion. Seriously, I enjoy seeing both of them on the screen and would even suggest both playing together in a picture, if I didn't think it would start some more of this catty chatter. I have pictures of each one in my room. (Bob's frame is a little bigger than Tyrone's!)—*Blossom Browd, New York City.* I don't think either one ever will be King, for another person is already there and has been for years—none other than Clark Gable.—*Marion Guskey, San Jose, Calif.* Phooey! I'll take Mickey Rooney first. Pretty boys with beautiful teeth and lovely smiles make nice extra men at parties, but as a steady boy friend, I'll have Gary Cooper.—*Miriam Maskes, Chicago, Ill.* It's too much trouble to decide which one I like best, because the more nice boy friends that come along, the more nice boy friends I like. It's the same way with actors. I still like Clark Gable, by the way, and I have a secret yen for Don Ameche.—*Esther Skaggs, Indiana.*

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Reviews

(*Continued from page 13*)

★★★★ Wee Willie Winkie

Shirley Temple is growing up and so are her pictures. For the transition period in the young lady's career—not to mention her physical development—her studio has wisely chosen a vehicle so good that its star is subordinated to the story. Never once—as has happened so often in the past—does "Wee Willie Winkie" reach a point where Shirley is forced to tap dance. In fact, she even sings only once—a brief and effective rendition of "Auld Lang Syne" at the deathbed of Victor McLaglen.

John Ford has directed the picture with noteworthy restraint, and never once gives in to the over-sentimental type of thing which some moviegoers have come to dread in Shirley Temple pictures. Altogether, "Wee Willie Winkie" is a fine, moving and exciting motion picture. It offers excellent entertainment for discriminating audiences who like only the best in films, and it will win little Miss Temple many new admirers among skeptics who have avoided her efforts in the past.

There are splendid performances by the entire cast, particularly that of Victor McLaglen. His "Sergeant MacDuff" is the best thing he's done since "The Informer." Others outstanding are C. Aubrey Smith, Cesar Romero, Michael Whalen, June Lang, Douglas Scott and Clyde Cook. —*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ New Faces of 1937

This turns out to be vaudeville de luxe and well worth anyone's price of admission, if it's vaudeville entertainment you're after for the evening. Though the names alone could be counted on for bits of real entertainment, the plot has been so cleverly constructed that the whole picture can come under that heading. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Parkyakarkus, Jerome Cowan, Harriet Hilliard, Lorraine Krueger, Patricia Wilder, Thelma Leeds, Tommy Mack and William Brady are just a few of the galaxy of stars here presented and each offers a bit of his or her own specialty—and in top form.

All this diversity of talent is tied together by a producer who is out to put on shows—preferably "flops" so he can coin a little money by underhanded methods. He inveigles enthusiastic talent into working for him, promising untold fame and money if they'll stick by him. Justice, of course, wins out, as it has a way of doing in celluloid, so the producer goes to his ruin and the cast to fame on their own when they take over the show. Romantic interest is kept at high pitch by Harriet Hilliard and handsome William Brady. Dancing numbers which deserve special mention are those of the Three Chocolateers, the Loria Brothers and attractive Ann Miller. Songs you'll hum on the way home are "New Faces" and "Love is Never Out of Season." Noteworthy also, are the elaborate sets which contribute to the effectiveness of the goings-on. You are no doubt familiar with the copyrighted antics of most of the cast, so we'll only add that they and the picture come up to expectations. —*RKO.*

★★ Parnell

Covering a little-known period in the history of Ireland, "Parnell," in the hands of Director Stahl, is a painstaking and carefully made picture aided and abetted by the names of Clark Gable and Myrna Loy and the performances of Miss Loy and several members of the supporting cast. As Charles Stewart Parnell, "the uncrowned king of Ireland," Clark Gable is too placid to convince audiences that he's the fiery patriot who came so close to winning home rule for Ireland. Myrna Loy, on the other hand, is charming and capable as the lovely Katie O'Shea, for whose love Parnell sacrifices his political career. Particular attention is paid to detail, and the production itself can only be described as handsome.

Most touching moment is a love scene played by Gable and Loy against a background of London fog. Among the numerous excellent performances by the supporting cast, the outstanding ones are contributed by Edna Mae Oliver, Billie Burke, Alan Marshall, Donald Crisp, George Zucco, Montagu Love and Berton Churchill, and a brief speech by Brandon Tynan, as an old Irish patriot, drew cheers from a preview audience. But "Parnell" is still a dull picture. Directed by John M. Stahl.—*M-G-M.*

★ The Great Gambini

If you're addicted to murder-mysteries, you really shouldn't pass up this particular picture. For you will find enough "mystery" to keep you guessing right through the last reel and part of the way home. You will swear that at least six characters in the story committed the murder and will be pleasantly surprised to find yourself all wrong when Paramount lets you in on the secret. The story has some novel twists which add to the entertainment. For instance, after it has been shown that each character in the play could logically have



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committed the crime, a new note in murder films is handed the audience by interrupting the picture before the denouement, and giving the audience a minute in which to solve the murder—with the time clocked off on the screen.

Akim Tamiroff is a magician and mind reader who warns the parties interested of the impending murder, and then mysteriously appears to help solve it, thereby putting William Demarest, the not-so-smart detective and his stooge, Edward Brophy, to shame. Tamiroff easily dominates the picture with his excellent performance, while other roles are well handled by Reginald Denny, Genevieve Tobin, Marian Marsh and John Trent. Directed by Charles Vidor.—*Paramount.*

★★ Mountain Music

Bob Burns and Martha Raye pep up that part of Arkansas which is this picture's locale. Burns, somewhat pixilated by a fall on his head in his youth, is subject to a dual personality which comes upon him whenever he gets a blow on the head, and out of which he emerges only when drenched with water. When the story opens, Bob is to marry Terry Walker, to end the feud between their two families, but she loves his brother, John Howard. Burns gets a rap on the head and leaves the bride at the altar. Running away, he appropriates a swanky car and meets Martha Raye. Being still semi-conscious, he falls madly in love with her. Their love affair is hectic and hilarious; with Martha able to hold his love only by bumping him on the head occasionally.

Burns and his inimitable Arkan-saws are excellent, as is "Moutha" Raye. The supporting cast includes Fuzzy Knight, John Howard, Terry Walker, Olin Howland, Jan Duggan, and Charles Timblin, who aid and abet the two comedians with good effect. Though the script is pretty sketchy in spots, the crazy antics of Burns and Martha Raye make up for its deficiencies. Directed by Robert Florey.—*Paramount.*

★ Sweetheart of the Navy

Down along the waterfront Cecilia Parker runs a joint which isn't doing so well because most of the sailor lads prefer visiting to spending. Cecilia's partner, a rat of the first water, runs out on her with all the dough, leaving our heroine in what can only be described as a fix. But the Navy always comes through, and this time they plan a boxing match between the bullying fleet champ and Eric Linden, a gob with Annapolis ambitions. The fleet commandant calls off the fight, but Eric, who has fallen in love with Miss Parker, goes through with things anyway, wins the fight and saves the day, if not the picture, for his loved one.

This is a minor item on the month's entertainment calendar—one of the reasons why dual bills were born. Miss Parker is too demure for her role, but she puts over an agreeable song called, "I Want You to Want Me." Eric Linden tries hard to be convincing as the sailor boy, and Roger Imhoff turns in a workmanlike performance as the fleet commandant. Best performance in the picture is that of Bernadene Hays, who plays a tough cafe hostess. Directed by Duncan Mansfield.—*Grand National.*

★ Talent Scout

An unpretentious but ingratiating little comedy drama with a Hollywood background, this offers average entertainment which should please most audiences. In the title role, Donald Woods is a press-agent and talent digger-upper who is sent by his producer bosses on a cross-country

Faded!



Don't Let This Tragedy Happen To You!.....

Starved for life-giving moisture, a flower withers and dies...and your own skin, deprived of its natural moisture, becomes parched and brittle. It begins to have a faded look, spelling the end of beauty, glamour and romance.

As early as 16 your skin starts to dry! Sun and wind steal the natural oils so essential to your beauty. Guard against ruinous "Skin-Thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder—blended with rich Olive Oil to counteract skin dryness.

Like Rain To A Drooping Flower . . . Is OLIVE OIL To Your Skin



Outdoor Girl brings to you this centuries-favored beauty treatment. By a special *patented process* each fine flake of powder carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural oils of your skin. These oils are essential to keep your beauty fresh and radiant—protected against the ravages of relentless time and weather.



Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness approved by beauty experts: Boulevard (naturelle); Palm Beach (rachelle); Lido (warm brunette); Miami (summer tan); Everglades (ochre); and Flesh. At drug and department stores 50c

For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick.

Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

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The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL



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jaunt to publicize a bevy of screen cuties and round up new talent. He is so phenomenally unsuccessful, his bosses fire him, but he runs across Jeanne Madden on an amateur program and brings her back to Hollywood. Balance of the picture is concerned with his efforts, first to get the girl a career, and then to get her a husband, preferably himself.

Don Woods is personable and competent in the lead, and Miss Madden does well as the singer who becomes a picture star. Best in the supporting cast are Rosalind Marquis, as the menace, Fred Lawrence as a movie star, and Joseph Crehan and Charles Halton, as producers. Directed by William Clemens.—*Warner Bros.*

★ Wild Money

For the first few reels you'll be wondering what connection the title can possibly have with this picture. For never were pennies squeezed within an inch of their lives as they are here by Edward Everett Horton. We find him as the parsimonious auditor of a newspaper, and the role gives him a grand chance to exploit all the old tricks and some new ones besides. When our hero goes on a resort vacation the money breaks loose. Being on the ground-floor when a millionaire's kidnapping takes place, Horton "scoops" his own smart-aleck reporters, and spares no expense in keeping the story exclusive until he can "break" the complete event. How he manages to outwit rival reporters as well as his own at every turn, provides plenty of hilarity. One reporter he can't outwit, however, is attractive Louise Campbell, femme news-sleuth, who has designs on the fluttery Horton heart.

Others in the cast are Lynne Overman, Esther Dale, Lucien Littlefield, and Benny Baker. They do competent work, while the rest of the cast is satisfactory in every respect. But "Wild Money" is still a Horton picture from first to last. Directed by Louis King.—*Paramount.*

★ You Can't Beat Love

You won't lose sleep over this picture, but you probably won't fall asleep during it, either. In short, it's pretty fair entertainment considering that nothing sensational was expected of it. Preston Foster's performance outshines the rest. Here he has a new type of role—that of a playboy who can't resist a dare. This trait gets him and his faithful valet, Herbert Mundin, into no end of troubles, from ditch-digging to running for mayor. Trying to get the mayoralty presents more difficulties than running into corrupt city politics, for Foster finds that it's Joan Fontaine's father whom he is aiming to defeat. It's a little tough to try to win the daughter while beating the father, but this situation provides an amusing plot on which to hang the story. The conflict between Foster and the crooked chief of police, Berton Churchill, and Paul Hurst, as Butch Mehaffey, who would like to do a little police-chiefing himself, provides the really hilarious moments.

Joan Fontaine in her second film proves that she is really a good movie bet, though right now stronger on the looks than the histrionics. An outstandingly good characterization is given by Barbara Pepper as the voluptuous moll of Harold Huber, one of the city's first racketeers, and also by Paul Guilfoyle, as Louie the Weasel, Huber's right-hand man. William Brisbane and Alan Bruce are acceptable in smaller roles. Directed by Christy Cabanne.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ Armored Car

This is strictly a cops-and-robbers pic-



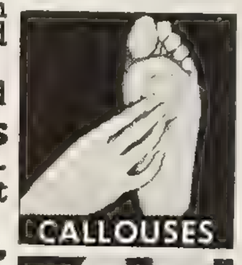
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ture, with no variation on the original theme. This time the robbers ply their trade by dynamiting armored payroll cars, but they get their just dues in the final reel, after the inevitable chase scene. Robert Wilcox is a young employe of the armored car concern who is fired because he has had a prison record. He joins up with the gangsters, and they're the only ones who don't know he's really spying on them. Everything in the plot unfolds just as you expect it will, and the whole thing adds up to minor melodrama for the less fastidious audiences.

The best performance in the piece is that of Irving Pichel as a philosophical but cold-blooded chief of the mobsters. Novelty of his role is that he's the only member of the mob who doesn't talk in the accepted gangster vernacular. Cesar Romero is competent as Pichel's aide, and Robert Wilcox and Judith Barrett handle the romantic leads effectively. Best in the supporting cast are Bill Lundigan, David Oliver and Tom Kennedy. Directed by Lewis Foster.—*Universal.*

★★ Ever Since Eve

An ugly duckling by day—a glamorous beauty by night. Before you say "Where have I heard that plot before?" let us inform you that it's the theme of the new Marion Davies picture—a theme which Marion has employed more than once before, but not with such success.

This time she's a stenographer who continually loses her job because of her sex appeal. Determined to work in spite of her breathless beauty, she dons a wig and horn-rimmed glasses and gets herself a position with Robert Montgomery, a young author whose hobby is anything but work. You know the rest of the story, of course, but the script writers have inserted several good gags and situations, and there is an amusing broad comedy thread supplied by Patsy Kelly and Allan Jenkins. Bob Montgomery makes his author completely believable, and there are capable performances by Louise Fazenda, as a publisher and Frank McHugh, as a writer of The Motorcycle Girls series. Miss Davies is more at home in her wig and glasses than she is in her more glamorous moments. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.—*Warner Bros.*

★ Midnight Madonna

The main purpose of this slightly oversentimental melodrama is to introduce Kitty Clancy, a personable young lady of four who looks much like the early Shirley Temple. News of a new child actress on the film horizon is not always glad tidings, but in this case it must be reported that Miss Clancy is cute without being precocious, and she doesn't seem to have the bag of tricks which makes you want to lay hands on the usual kiddie star.

The plot of the picture has to do with the parents' fight over the custody of their daughter. The husband, a meanie, convinces a judge the child should be his, even though his real reason is to come into his daughter's inheritance. But he reckons without Warren William, an honest gambler who falls in love with the child's mother, kidnaps the judge and makes a few changes in the situation.

Mr. William ably portrays his sympathetic role, and there are good performances by Robert Baldwin and Mady Correl, as the child's parents. In the supporting cast, Edward Ellis, as the judge, is outstanding. Directed by James Flood.—*Paramount.*

★ The Emperor's Candlesticks

"The Emperor's Candlesticks" ranks as one of the season's major disappointments. With a cast headed by William Powell, Luise Rainer and Robert Young, audiences have a right to expect big—or at least fairly entertaining—things of this film. Unfortunately, the big moment never arrives, and the whole thing somehow fails to come off. Most of the blame belongs to the director, who never once achieves the light touch so necessary to a plot saturated with intrigue and the slick doings of international spies. The production is handsomely mounted, indicating that a good deal of money has been spent on it. It must be admitted that when M-G-M makes a flop, it makes a brilliant one.

The story revolves about a Polish spy (William Powell), a Russian spy (Luise Rainer) and a pair of silver candlesticks. Each of the principals has hidden an important message in one of the candlesticks, and most of the picture concerns their efforts to retrieve them. William Powell gives his usual smooth performance in spite of the fact that he objected to his role throughout the picture's shooting. Robert Young does what he can with a rather negative role, and Frank Morgan tries to be amusing with no engaging dialogue to aid him. Maureen O'Sullivan is adequate. Biggest disappointment is the work of Luise Rainer, last year's winner of the Academy's gold statuette. Miss Rainer, whose previous performances have all been brilliant, gives her role an overtone of heavy tragedy which is exactly what it doesn't need. We imagine there was a knock on her door the morning after the preview, and a voice said, "Miss Rainer, I'm the man for the statuette." Directed by George Fitzmaurice. —*M-G-M.*

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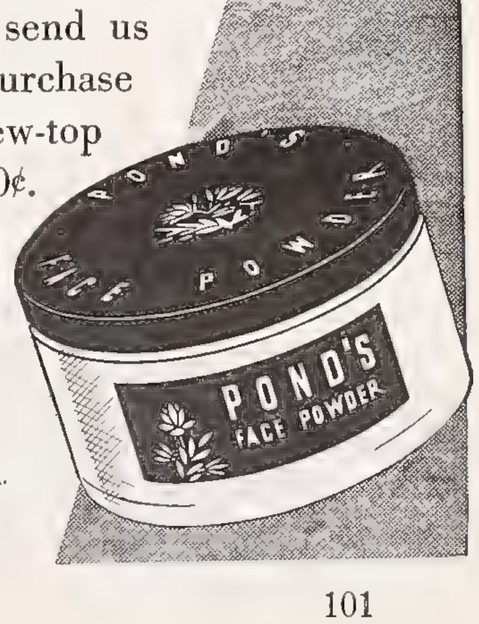


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Tricks of the Trade

(*Continued from page 10*)

I had to do it."

The reaction was invariably the same. Everyone said, "Wasn't Lionel Barrymore wonderful?" True enough he is and the very things that endear him to us are these tricks we have come to know so well.

EDWARD ARNOLD seldom goes the limit on scene-stealing unless as a last resort. One of the better known heavies, he too has his little ways of preventing colleagues from taking a scene. It is frequently said, "Edward Arnold walked away with the picture. Gee, he's clever!"

There are probably more speculations about Arnold than all the young Lotharios that keep ladies' hearts fluttering each season. One among the many is just how he manages such a hearty laugh, at such odd moments during his pictures. This, probably, more than any other thing, has accounted for a large part of his humanness as a picture personality.

Again it is the old story. Those witnessing the film naturally turn their eyes to him when they hear this deep guffaw. The person playing in the scene with him is momentarily lost. As a result, Arnold holds his audience more during the time he is before the camera than the people who play scenes with him.

An amusing incident of Mr. Arnold's never being at a loss for retaliation happened during a recent picture. It seems one of the better known stage actresses played opposite him and, in one scene, continually edged Arnold around until he was back to the camera—an old stage trick. Arnold let her finish, then facing away from the lens, he calmly began scratching his rear extremity. Needless to say the lady's scene was lost, all eyes were on Mr. Arnold and the portion of his anatomy that itched.

Victor Moore is another old timer who has captured a nation and holds the interest of all who see him. For many years one of the leading professionals in the theatre, he has now become an outstanding personality on the screen.

Needless to say, he is among the cleverest comedians ever to stride across a sound stage. When he outsmarts his co-workers and walks off with the honors, it's something of interest to every movie fan.

Victor Moore has attuned his acting to his facial expressions and with the finesse of a diplomat makes a strong bid for sympathy in everything he does. Life equipped him with a pathetic appearance and, with this to start on, Moore has trained his voice to match his looks. To all this, he has added a natural sense of comedy timing when reading lines.

In one of his pictures he played the part of Moon Face, the killer. Naturally, when he told people he was a desperado they laughed, and when he turned his pathetic face to the audience, with a shrug, he threw them into fits of laughter. He cleverly portrays the type person who tries and tries, but gets little, yet is never disheartened.

In "Make Way for Tomorrow," he portrayed a Grandfather who, married for fifty years, was separated from his wife in their old age. It was a pathetic part and the invincible Moore played it to the hilt, with the result that he walked away with top billing.

Everyone to his own taste, of course. My taste would be to see these past-masters in this movie art all together, each with his bag of tricks. This in the vernacular of Hollywood would be gigantic!

Lucky Baby!

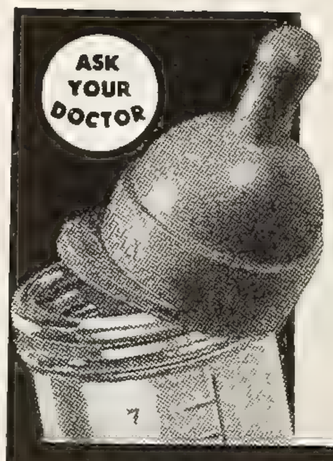
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Adolphe Menjou, who's way up there now, the happy result of his work in a number of hit pictures, is really a thoughtful guy. Why, only the other day, before a group of his co-workers, he declared: "We must help the little fellows, the people who used to be our friends."

■ ■ ■

Her studio had no sooner wished Simone Simon Bon Voyage and a grand time in her native Paree, than they cabled her to take the next boat back to play Walter Winchell's leadin' lady in "Love and Kisses."

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 8*)

Unsettled, medicine forgotten, Clark moved restlessly from job to job. A lean, lanky, disillusioned fellow, purposeless, yet with a strong hunger for life that drove him on and on. Acting, when he got his first part, was just another job to him—no different from driving a truck or sawing a log. Through his association with a cheap little barnstorming company, he met Franz Doerfler, the girl whose love was to change the contours of his life. She was strangely attracted to this sullen, reckless chap. She sensed his great unhappiness. She wanted to help him. For three years they were inseparable. Their romance is a tale of mutual sacrifices, of willing sharing of the few worldly possessions they owned. It is the most beautiful thing in Clark Gable's life. Several times he proposed marriage and was refused. To Franz, Clark was her baby. Marriage would have spoiled that relationship.

And so they drifted apart, Clark to sudden fame, Franz to obscurity. In 1924, when he was 23, Gable married Josephine Dillon, elocution teacher, and several years his senior. Their marriage didn't last, but, somehow, having been married did things to Clark's character, gave him the feeling that he had come of age, that his life was of some worth. Through Lionel Barrymore, under whose direction he had played a Broadway role, he was given a screen test at M-G-M. Neither his studio nor Barrymore has ever had cause to regret this generosity. Ever since his success in "A Free Soul," with Norma Shearer, he has been the world's Number One screen actor. On the upswing of his career, Clark married Rhea Langham. At present the couple is separated, though they have never been divorced.

LORETTA YOUNG (Last printed October 1936. Total number of requests since then, 389.) The bright sun of California ripened Loretta Young early. Into the brief span of her twenty-four years, she has packed more real life than many a woman twice her years. At fourteen she played opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." At seventeen she became the bride of Grant Withers in one of Hollywood's most glamorous elopements. A year later, saddened, matured, she divorced her dream man when she found that you can't live on dreams alone. Thus, at eighteen, Loretta Young was a divorcee, a woman whose bitter experience had given her the poise and wisdom which would not permit her ever again to marry unwisely.



At eighteen she could point with justifiable pride to a career—a career that had been first foreshadowed when she was four, and Mae Murray had been so captivated with the charm of little Gretchen Young (the name with which she was christened) that she had pleaded with Gretchen's mother to let her adopt the child, and ultimately compromised by making Mrs. Young accept tuition for Gretchen's dancing lessons. A career that was imperiled by the beauty of Loretta's two older sisters, Polly Ann and Sally, and by the fact that Mrs. Young had very rigid ideas of how little Gretchen should be brought up and immured her precious baby in a convent, instead of having her make the rounds of the producers as so many other movie mothers would have done.

But the luck which has always turned against Loretta Young in love was with her when it came to carving a career for herself. Her sisters had gone shopping with Mrs. Young when a call came from the studio for Polly Ann. Because money was money, and Loretta knew the family finances couldn't afford passing up any opportunity, she answered the call herself, giving her name as Polly Ann, and proudly bringing home her first pay check.

Later, cast opposite the great Chaney—solely because of her beautiful face, Loretta got her first taste of gall. Her director was a tough Irishman. He knew the kid couldn't act. But he thought he knew how to make her act. His method was cruel but effective. He insulted Loretta, made her life a hell on earth, so that the strong emotions she gave way to on the set were real. He taught her what it feels like to act. To him, more than to anyone else, she owes her career.

But, just as surely as you envy Loretta that career, she envies you the love that has made your life happy. She has known only the love that saddens. She was in love with George Brent. He married Ruth Chatterton. She was devoted to a handsome young business man. He died of an operation. She was swept blindly into a romance with an actor whom she knew she could never marry, and only when she realized how much she loved him did she renounce him—a renunciation followed by a critical illness and nervous breakdown. Despite persistent personal troubles, she has gone right on making pictures, and you see her next in "Wife, Doctor, and Nurse," with Warner Baxter.

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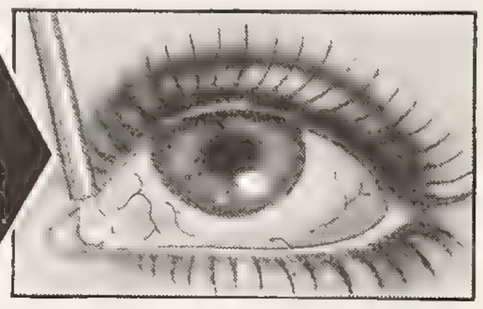
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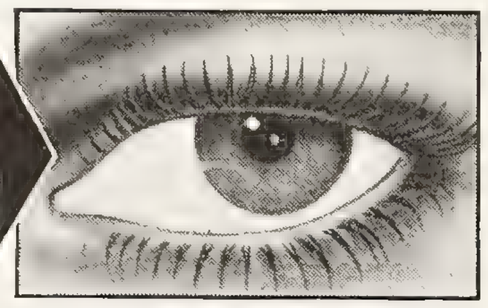
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AMERICA! Let me thank all those fan clubs who have sent in their addresses so far to Modern Screen's Information Desk. It has been real swell of you to be so prompt, and I can assure you that your promptness will pay big dividends in the form of new members for your club and new popularity for the star to whom your club is devoted.

To those club members who didn't happen to see the notice in the August issue, let me explain why it is that the Information Desk is so anxious to have the address of your club. We are preparing a Fan Club Directory (which will contain the names and addresses of all clubs) to assist those fans who would like to join some club in honor of their favorite, but don't know whether one exists or where to find it. We want to make this Directory as complete as possible, and to do so need the coöperation of every club in the United States and Canada. So let's be hearing from you real soon!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE (Last printed November 1936. Total number of requests since then 378.) First little lady of the land is Shirley Temple, and she cashes a fatter pay check than the President of the United States. At the age of six, she signed a seven-year contract involving almost half a million dollars, and that was right after she had performed for her bosses in only one little picture. The funny thing was that the only one gambling in the deal was Shirley. The kid should have stalled for more dough.



A question everyone wants answered is, "Who's the genius behind Shirley Temple?" In these days of ghost writers and ghost everything else, no one can take a celebrity at face value. It's sophisticated to believe in ghosts, and we all want to know who does the ghosting for Shirley. And, as a matter of fact, twenty-five per cent of Shirley's laurels could in all fairness be shifted to other brows. With a less aggressive and intelligent mother, it is hard to say what might have become of her. It was her mother who sent the three-year-old baby to dancing school; her mother again who brought the tot's fancy steps and dimples to the attention of Educational Pictures' scouts.

And though tiny Shirley managed to negotiate the rest of the uphill road to fame in high, Mother Temple's services have never become superfluous. It's Mother Temple that keeps the child unspoiled, keeps her, above all, a real child.

While we're at this business of enumerating the geniuses in Shirley's young life, it mightn't be a bad idea to mention Dame Fortune, the kind old gal who arranged for Shirley an unexpected and unconventional rendezvous with a very important Fox songwriter. Dressed impeccably in her finest gingham, Shirley was attending the preview of one of her Baby Burlesques. The little tike wanted a real lowdown on the critics. Instead, all her attention gravitated to a nice man who flirted with her out of the corner of his eye while he arranged a date with her ma at the Fox Studios. And that was the heavy date that won Shirley the role in "Stand Up and Cheer" with Jimmy Dunn that skyrocketed her to immediate stardom.

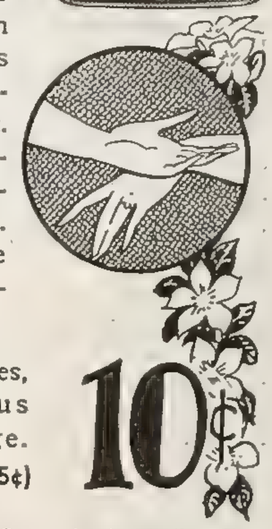
They say that birds of a feather flock together, and it's no wonder that people with brains and talent flock around little Shirley. There is no genius **behind** Shirley Temple. But there are plenty around her. Not the least of the clever things they've done for Shirley is to put Johanna Speyri's beautiful story, "Heidi," into scenario form for her, and the picture's now in production.

RACHEL GILMAN, Newark, New Jersey: Lily Pons' pet hobby is the collection of little nick-nacks that are of no earthly use, but usually of great antiquity or sentimental value. Her collection includes a jewel box that once belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette (the poor gal that lost her head in the French revolution); a snuff box that Lord Nelson used for an occasional hearty sneeze; and a tiny music box, made of tortoise shell, that plays a cute little Austrian folk song.

PROVE to Yourself that it IS 50¢ Quality



Make the Superfine Talc Test. Rub a little Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum between the sensitive backs of your hands. Note its satin-smoothness, and freedom from grit. You will find Bo-Kay Orange Blossom Talcum feather-textured, refreshing, and altogether delightful. It is perfumed with the delicate fragrance of the Orange Blossom—Flower of Romance.



The Original

At all 10¢ stores, in generous size package. (In Canada, 15¢)

10¢

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Bo-kay Orange Blossom Talcum

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HOLLYWOOD LETTER—

If you cannot come to Hollywood let Hollywood come to you. Send only $2.00 direct to **Jane Turner, Box 543, Hollywood, California,** and receive each month for one year (12) letters. Your favorite of the Screen is?

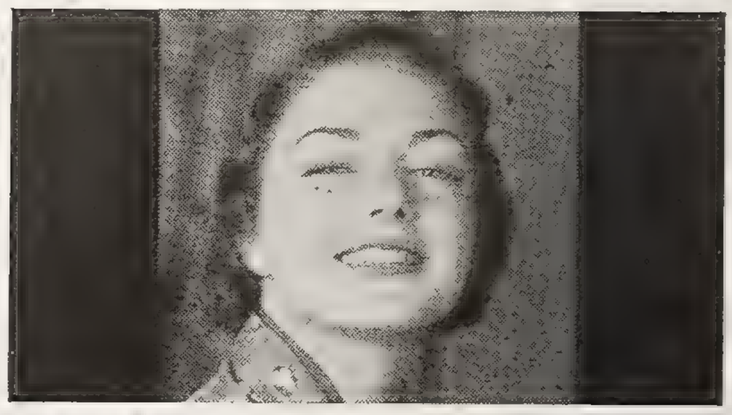
WARTS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to ugly warts. A new liquid NOXACORN gets rid of them in few days. Also dries up pesky corns and calluses. Contains 6 ingredients including pure castor oil, "corn-aspirin", iodine. Absolutely safe. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Easy directions in package. 35¢ bottle at druggists, also at some 10¢ stores. Money back if it fails to remove any wart or corn.

NOXACORN

Rheumatism Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO,** the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.



STARS' STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Gaumont-British, Lime Grove Shepherd's Bush, London, W. 12, England.
Grand National Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.
United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: United Artists.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Grand National
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, WALLY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, FRED: 20th Century-Fox.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JIMMIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Republic.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
AMECHE, DON: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
ANDRE, LONA: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ANNABELLA: 20th Century-Fox.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Grand National.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Paramount.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUER, MISCHA: Universal.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Paramount.
BAINTER, FAY: RKO-Radio.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BALLEW, SMITH: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: United Artists.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: Paramount.
BARRIE, WENDY: Universal.
BARRYMORE, DOLORES COSTELLO: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Republic.
BAXTER, ALAN: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: M-G-M.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: M-G-M.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: 20th Century-Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Hal Roach.
BENNETT, JOAN: United Artists.
BENNY, JACK: Paramount.
BERGNER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
BERNIE, BEN: 20th Century-Fox.
BEST, WILLIE: RKO-Radio.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BING, HERMAN: Columbia.
BIRELL, TALA: Universal.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: 20th Century-Fox.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, BEN: Paramount.
BOGART, HUMPHREY: Warner Bros.
BOLAND, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Warner Brothers.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.

Draw me!



TRY FOR AN *art* SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing — perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $215.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and students of Federal Schools are not eligible. 1. Make drawing of girl 8 inches high, on paper 9 inches high. Draw only the girl, no lettering. 2. Use only pencil or pen. 3. We return no drawings. 4. Print your name, address, age, occupation on back of drawing. 5. All drawings must be received by August 31st, 1937. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS INC

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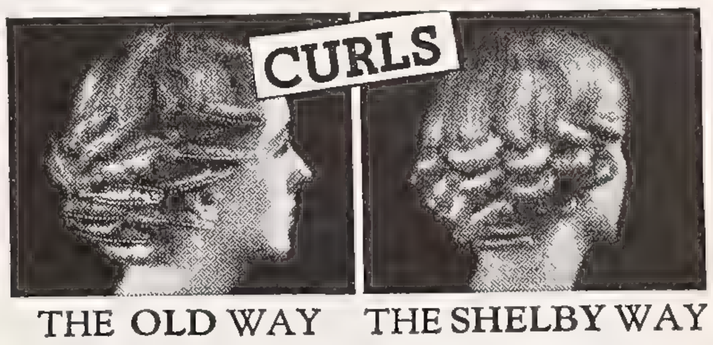


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New, truly invisible curlers — worn anytime, any place; comfortable to sleep in. Curl either wet or dry hair, with or with out a permanent.

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Directions on card

Lady Shelby **INVISIBLE** END CURLERS

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look!
whitens whiter
won't rub off

for all white shoes



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LARGER SIZES FOR ECONOMY

ELIMINATE LOOSE WIRES WITH
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Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Little Tommy Kelly, the Bronx Tom Sawyer, hasn't had much time to get his bearings in Hollywood, for he's been rushed right into "Adventures of T. S."

BOYD, WILLIAM: Paramount:
BOYER, CHARLES: United Artists.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADNA, OLYMPE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
BREAKSTON, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
BREEN, BOBBY: RKO-Radio.
BRENDEL, EL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at Grand National.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROMBERG, J. EDWARD: 20th Century-Fox.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E.: RKO-Radio.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Republic.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: M-G-M.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BURNS, BOB: Paramount.
BURRUD, BILLY: Universal.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: Paramount.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Grand National.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: 20th Century-Fox.
CAREY, HARRY: RKO-Radio.
CARLISLE, MARY: Paramount.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRADINE, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: United Artists.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANEY, LON JR.: 20th Century-Fox.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: United Artists.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Columbia.
CLARKE, MAE: Columbia.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: 20th Century-Fox.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: United Artists.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbiia.
COOK, DONALD: Republic.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORRIGAN, RAY: Republic.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: 6615 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
COWAN, JEROME: RKO-Radio.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Universal.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT: Paramount.
DANTE, JEAN: Universal.
DA PRON, LOUIS: Paramount.
DARRO, FRANKIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, JOAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIS, OWEN, JR.: RKO-Radio.
DEANE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
DEE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Columbia.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: 20th Century-Fox.
DENNY, REGINALD: Columbia.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Paramount.
DIXON, LEE: Warner Bros.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Warner Bros.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Paramount.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Universal.
DUNNE, IRENE: Universal.
DURANT, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DURBIN, DEANNA: Universal.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERIKSON, LEIF: Paramount.
ERNEST, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: Grand National.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARMER, FRANCES: Paramount.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, GRACIE: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
FONDA, HENRY: United Artists.
FONTAINE, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
FORAN, DICK: Warner Bros.
FORBES, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.

FORD, WALLACE: Free lance. Write him at Gaumont-British.
FOSTER, NORMAN: Paramount.
FOSTER, PRESTON: RKO-Radio.
FRANCIS, KAY: Warner Bros.
FRAWLEY, WILLIAM: Paramount.
FROMAN, JANE: Warner Bros.
FURNESS, BETTY: M-G-M.
GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: Grand National.
GALLIAN, KETTI: RKO-Radio.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Universal.
GARLAND, JUDY: M-G-M.
GAYNOR, JANET: United Artists.
GEORGE, GLADYS: M-G-M.
GIBSON, HOOT: RKO-Radio.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write at Columbia.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
GRANT, CARY: Columbia.
GRANVILLE, BONITA: Warner Bros.
GRAVET, FERNAND: Warner Bros.
GREY, NAN: Universal.
GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
HALE, ALAN: RKO-Radio.
HALEY, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
HALL, WILLIAM: Universal.
HALLIDAY, JOHN: Paramount.
HAMILTON, NEIL: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
HARDIE, RUSSELL: M-G-M.
HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
HARDY, OLIVER: Hal Roach.
HARGRAVE, ROY: United Artists
HAYDON, JULIE: M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: Universal.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
HENIE, SONJA: 20th Century-Fox.
HENRY, CHARLOTTE: Republic.
HENRY, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
HEPBURN, KATHARINE: RKO-Radio.
HERBERT, HUGH: Warner Bros.
HERSHOLT, JEAN: 20th Century-Fox.
HERVEY, IRENE: M-G-M.
HILLIARD, HARRIET, RKO-Radio.
HOBSON, VALERIE: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
HOLLOWAY, STERLING: 20th Century-Fox.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
HOLT, DAVID: Paramount.
HOLT, BETTY: Paramount.
HOLT, JACK: Columbia.
HOMOLKA, OSCAR: Paramount.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Paramount
HOUSTON, GEORGE: Grand National.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE, Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, CAROL: Warner Bros.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P., JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, PHILIP: RKO-Radio.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: M-G-M.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
INESCORT, FRIEDA: Warner Bros.
JANNEY, WILLIAM: Republic.
JARRATT, JANICE: Universal.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEPSON, HELEN: Samuel Goldwyn.
JEWELL, ISABEL: Columbia.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: RKO-Radio.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Columbia.
KELLY, PATSY: Hal Roach-M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: Columbia.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KENNEDY, EDGAR: Universal.
KENT, ROBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
KIBBEE, GUY: Republic.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, JOHN: Universal.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KNOWLES, PATRIC: Warner Bros.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAHR, BERT: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LAMOUR, DOROTHY: Paramount.
LANDI, ELISSA: M-G-M.
LANE, ALLEN: 20th Century-Fox.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Warner Bros
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: United Artists
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
LATIMER, LOUISE: RKO-Radio.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: United Artists.
LAUREL, STAN: Hal Roach.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: Hal Roach.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: Grand National.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LIVINGSTON, ROBERT: Republic.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
LODGE, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.

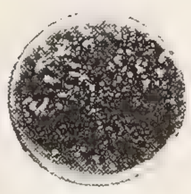


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The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. Bacteria and dandruff scattered but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

Tested and Approved 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau

There is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair

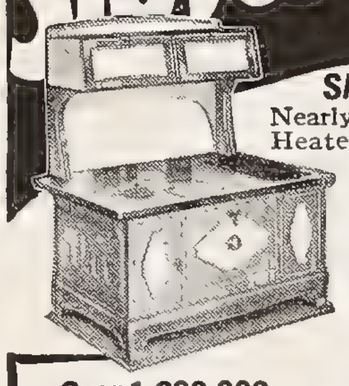


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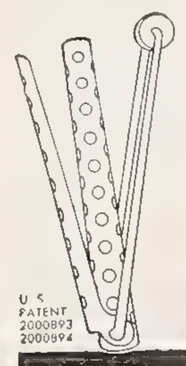


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MINNEVITCH, BORRAH: 20th Century-Fox.
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MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
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MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
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MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at Grand National.
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O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
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PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
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PILBEAM, NOVA: Gaumont-British.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
POWER, TYRONE: 20th Century-Fox.
PRESTON, ANN: RKO-Radio.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: M-G-M.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Republic.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: M-G-M.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Paramount.
RATHBONE, BASIL: Warner Bros.
RATOFF, GREGORY: 20th Century-Fox.
RAY, LEAH: 20th Century-Fox.
RAYE, MARTHA: Paramount.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
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RITTER, TEX: Grand National.
ROBERTI, LYDIA: M-G-M.
ROBERTS, BEVERLY: Warner Bros.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M..
ROGERS, CHARLES: Columbia.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY, M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: Paramount.
ROWLES, POLLY: Universal.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, TOM: United Artists.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: 20th Century-Fox.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, DOUGLAS: 20th Century-Fox.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARL, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNAN, PEGGY: Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHERIDAN, ANN: Warner Bros.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: United Artists.
SILVERS, SID: M-G-M.
SIMON, SIMONE: 20th Century-Fox.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Republic.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: Universal.
SMART, JACK: Universal.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDER, LIONEL: Columbia.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STEELE, BOB: Republic.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: Paramount.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: RKO-Radio.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Columbia.
TALLEY, MARION: Republic.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Universal.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANK M.: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS,. JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREEN, MARY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
TYLER, TOM: Republic.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Columbia.
VINSON, HELEN: United Artists.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBROOK, ANTON: RKO-Radio.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Cenury-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: RKO-Radio.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WHALEN, MICHAEL. 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: United Artists.
WILLIAM, WARREN: M-G-M.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Columbia.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WINCHELL, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: M-G-M.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: Universal.
WITHERS, GRANT: Paramount.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOOD, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WORTH, CONSTANCE: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, CHARLENE: Paramount.
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What Have Women Done for Fred MacMurray? The answer's in October Modern Screen



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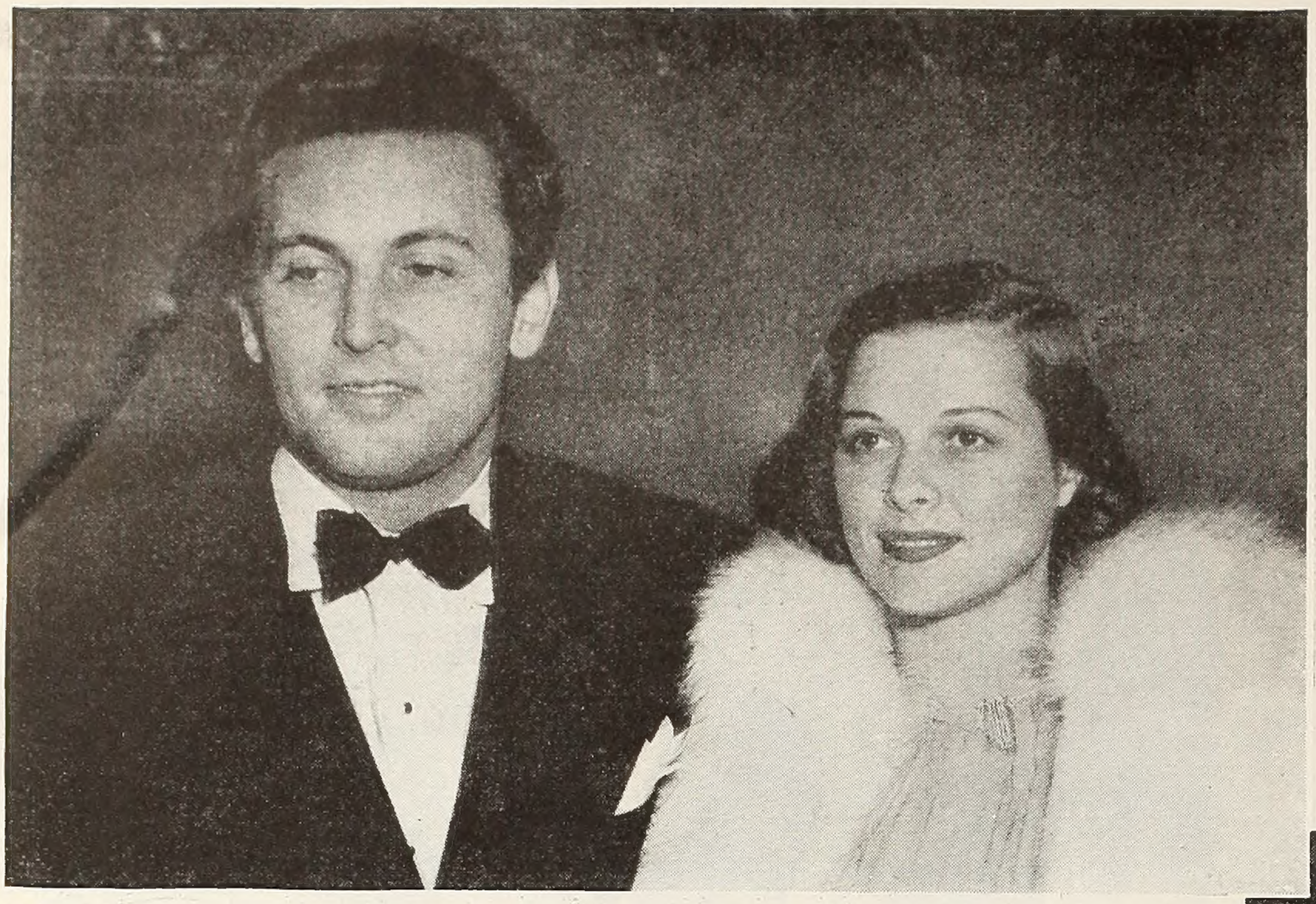


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10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES



Allan and Irene Hervey Jones attend the premiere of "Idiot's Delight."

(*Continued from page 70*)

with a quart of her own pickles. Exotic, eh wot?

■ ■ ■

Gregory Ratoff, since becoming director on "Life of a Lancer Spy," seems to have quite forgotten that he was once the crankiest actor on the lot about quitting on the dot of five. The first day's shooting, six o'clock came, and still no sign from the director. At seven, he pleaded with Dolores Del Rio to stay for "just one more scene of your beYOUtiful acting," and at nine, he conceded that the company might eat a sandwich, but just one apiece. At one, Ratoff agreed that it was getting late, and at 1:30, the company left for home with Ratoff's generous wish that they sleep well. To do just that, all the principals slept for the greater part of the next day, and Director Ratoff was deeply grieved at their tardiness on the set.

■ ■ ■

And who was the glamorous beauty at a recent cocktail party who left her teeth in a sandwich? Those pearly teeth, you know, on many of the cinema beauties, are put there by a Hollywood dentist. They're porcelain caps over the original teeth, and woe be to anyone who gets hungry enough to forget that she's a glamor girl.

■ ■ ■

A mere $1,500,000, which includes a beard for Tyrone Power, has been allotted for the "Stanley and Livingstone" opus—and most of that has been put in the well-manicured hands of Osa Johnson, who will conduct the location trip through darkest Africa. At a press luncheon given by the studio recently, Osa surprised everyone by turning out to be the ultra-feminine type. It was impossible to imagine her staring a lion in the face, or setting off to shoot an elephant before breakfast. Feminine to the last detail, she even arrived at the luncheon in her honor an hour late.

■ ■ ■

The good citizens of Culver City, where the sun sometimes softens the Chamber of Commerce, have circulated a petition to change the name of their abode to Hollywood. Culver City, they have suddenly realized, is the home of some of the biggest studios. People all over the world see their product and believe, in Culver City's opinion, that it comes from Hollywood. And that's why the Chamber of Commerce wants the change in title. And Hollywood, after seeing some of the pictures, will probably change its name to Culver City.

■ ■ ■

Swimming pools are as common as berets in this part of the country, but leave it to Sam Goldwyn to fix up the most colossal, stupendous and also the wettest of the lot—981,250 gallons of it, to be exact. The pool covers an acre out on the Goldwyn holdings, and you'll be seeing it in "Hurricane," if the cast hasn't swallowed it up. For C. Aubrey Smith and Raymond Massey constructed a diving board on the edge of this supposed South Sea isthmus, and Dorothy Lamour and Mary Astor are taking advantage of the situation by taking diving lessons every morning while the picture is in production.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "Exclusive" set, Charlie Ruggles ran head on to a camera in his rush to get out for lunch. By the time he returned to the set, one eye was a livid purple. Director Al Hall greeted him joyfully, "Say, that was swell of you, Charlie! We'll shoot that scene right where Fred MacMurray gives you the shiner." Charlie was so flabbergasted that the scene with Fred was shot before he had a chance to say anything. When Hall said cheerfully, "Okay, Charlie, wipe it off now, and we'll go on to another scene," Ruggles said wearily, "Okay, but I'll need a good beefsteak to wipe it off on."



Charles Boyer and his little lady, Pat Paterson, take in the "Parnell" preview.



Playwright Odets treats Wife Luise Rainer to a polo match and a good laugh.

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A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

Mrs. Barclay Warburton Jr. plays an exciting game of tennis



TENNIS—Mrs. Warburton plays a man's game of tennis—hard-driving, strategic. Her appearance draws a gallery, whether she is playing at Palm Beach or in Southampton. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke," says Mrs. Warburton, "is Camels. Camels are so mild, they never get on my nerves!"



WHAT TO WEAR—Mrs. Warburton *(foreground above)* looks charmingly cool in white sharkskin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. "It's like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos," says Mrs. Warburton. "Smoking Camels perks up my energy...gives me the grandest lift!"



TEA—Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at "Sandblown," her Southampton place, and at "Saracen Farm," the family estate near Philadelphia. "An appetizing dish," she remarks, "has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There's no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!" As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. *Alkaline* digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!



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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.

Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor

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